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of Leadenhall Street," observes Mr. Hutton; yet one cannot wonder that the directors objected to their Governor-General's fast and furious driving, and tried to maintain their legitimate authority. He doubled their native army, greatly augmented their debt, disregarded in lordly fashion every financial regulation, wrote to Castlereagh of their "vindictive profligacy," and of the insults and outrages emanating from the "loathsome den" in Leadenhall Street. We are constrained, moreover, to remark that Wellesley's transactions with the Vizier of Oudh are very tenderly handled. In a moment of depression the Vizier talked of abdicating, but subsequently recanted, to the "astonishment, regret, and indignation" of the Governor-General, who addressed him a letter that is called in this book a "cold, impressive indictment." Hot, heavy, and hard-hitting would be much more appropriate epithets for this very characteristic State-paper, which was well calculated to distract and daunt a well-meaning but weak-minded Oriental prince. Lord Wellesley's own experience of the indescribable "disgust of mind" with which, as he wrote to Pitt, he learnt that his services were only to be rewarded by an Irish Marquisate, might have given him some fellow-feeling for the reluctance of poor Saadut Ali to relinquish his ancestral throne for British convenience. The Vizier got off by the cession of some exceedingly valuable districts, having been lectured and brow-beaten intolerably. The Governor-General's best justification is that he consolidated our position in the heart of Northern India, and relieved the people of a weak and corrupt government.

It must be admitted that Wellesley's trenchant operations only accelerated the natural and inevitable consequences of establishing a strong civilised power among the native States that had risen upon the ruins of the Moghul Empire. By swift steps or slow, by fair means or forcible, the British dominion was certain to expand, and the armed rivalry of the native States could not fail to be shattered at each successive collision with its growing power. It was the warlike spirit of the English people, and their antipathy to Bonaparte (who was undoubtedly threatening India), that inspired Wellesley's policy, and provided him with support and opportunity for pressing forward his brilliant, ambitious, yet intensely patriotic schemes of national aggrandisement. Mr. Hutton says truly that he was a great-hearted, big-speaking man, fond of pageants, who patronised liberal ideas in a grand way; he was also a man of some whims and weaknesses; and there was, as his biographer suggests, a deficiency of the moral quality which kept him below the highest rank of statesmen; his pride and ambition often overcame his sense of justice and his generosity. In the last two pages of this book Mr. Hutton's peroration is pitched in rather too high a strain of encomium; for it can scarcely be said that Wellesley rescued India from relapse into "the state of nature as Hobbes pictured it;" nor was the "Sultanised Englishman" precisely a man who taught English "rulers, civilians, and judges, to trust for their power only to the uprightness of their lives, the completeness of their labours," and so on. But he did make the English name respected as the symbol of order and control throughout wide regions that had fallen into political confusion, and he boldly committed England to the charge and responsibilities of a great Empire.

MODERN ITALIAN POETRY.

ITALIAN LYRISTS OF TO-DAY. Translations from Contemporary Italian Poetry, with Biographical Notices. By G. A. Greene. London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane.

MR. GREENE has struck upon a vein of literature which entirely deserves exploration, both from its novelty and its richness. Englishmen have hitherto had very little notion of the extensive development of poetry which has of late years taken place in Italy, mainly under the auspices of a truly great

writer, Giosuè Carducci. Carducci's own name, indeed, has found entrance here, some of his poems have been ably rendered, and the general bent of his genius has been fairly criticised by an accomplished American translator. Few, however, can have had any idea of the merit and activity of the young school which has risen up around him, and which seems to have hitherto preserved both more reverence for their master and more community of aim among themselves than is usually the case with such revolutionary movements in literature. In a purely literary point of view, the efforts of this school appear deserving of the most cordial recognition. The curse of all Southern poets is the fatal facility which they almost inevitably derive from the fluency and sonority of their native languages. Sound easily passes for sense, hence the inanity which characterises so much of the poetry of one of the most gifted and intelligent of nations. Carducci—a spirit of the mould of Michael Angelo and Alfieri—has applied stringent remedies, compelling himself to write in a masculine, condensed, pregnant style, almost too much braced up with Latinisms and inversions. The thought corresponds to the style, being those of a robust and passionate soul, no mean declamation, no mere prettiness. It is probable, though Mr. Greene does not say so, that Carducci owes something to Leconte de Lisle, who undertook a similar reform in French poetry, and who might well have occupied a similar position to Carducci's if, like the latter, he had for a time stood alone. As usual, Carducci's innovations excited violent opposition: as usual, too, the young men came over to him; and his movement is now fully justified by the regeneration which it has brought about in Italian poetry, and the number of excellent young poets who trace their first impulse and inspiration to him. Annunzio, Marradi, Guerrini, Pascoli, and Ferrari, are among the most important. The gloomy Arturo Graf, the melodious and graceful Panzacchi, the pensive Fogazzaro, Ada Negri, the poetess of the work-a-day world, stand more or less apart, but all confess something of the influence of the master.

Intellectually and morally the results of the new departure have not hitherto been so entirely satisfactory, but Mr. Greene points out very clearly why this was inevitable. The poets were necessarily patriots, absolutism and clericalism being devoid of all elements of poetry. Hence they were thrown into opposition to the Church, which can hardly be other than opposition to religion so long as the average Italian has yet to learn that there is another religion than the Roman Catholic. On the other hand, the reaction in favour of classical models, absolutely essential for the reform of poetry, exercised for the time an unfavourable influence on morals. Neo-Classicism became Neo-Paganism, with the inevitable results. All this, however, is but a transitory phase. Carducci, whose "Hymn to Satan" was far from meriting the execration with which it was saluted, has now assumed a thoroughly grave and dignified attitude, which, it may be hoped, will tell yet more upon the rising generation. The only considerable writer who might possibly exert a pernicious influence is the pessimistic Arturo Graf, and, without disputing the sincerity of Signor Graf's pessimism, it would seem to us, judging from the specimens here given, too fanciful and symbolical to be taken very seriously. The only poet as yet upon whom Carducci's mantle may possibly prove to have fallen is the young and brilliant Annunzio, but he stands now at the parting of the ways, and he, unless he can inspire his glowing verse with more of his master's dignity and austerity, will be in danger, as Mr. Greene says, "of becoming a young man *d'un bien beau passé*." Mr. Greene's own favourite among his poets after Carducci—and, judging from his specimens, we should say with good reason—is the charming and graceful Enrico Panzacchi; but this writer, though he would be an ornament to the literature of any country, has none of the qualities of a *capo di scuola*.

Mr. Greene's general preface and short introductory biographies are admirable, and render his little volume a perfect handbook of the subject. As a translator he is felicitous, elegant and melodious, faithful to his originals, who, nevertheless, do not speak English like foreigners. His skill is especially shown in dealing with some of Carducci's difficult metres. It is only to be regretted that the specimens which he gives are in general too few to allow of a fair judgment of the poets; we hope that he will be encouraged to extend them. We quote as a specimen a sonnet from Giovanni Marradi:—

"On heights and towers beats the sunlight sheer,
The spring-tide sun that glares on marbles white,
Where Brunellesco's dome sublime, austere,
Lifts its olympic mass in sunshine bright.

"In the violet-scented air, slender and clear,
The marvellous bell-tower soars divinely slight,
And 'mid the perfume of the wheatfields near
The open windows flame in the sunset-light.

"Well mayst thou smile o'er Art's antique domain,
Italian May! o'er San Giovanni's square,
And o'er that hallowed and triumphant fane,
Where an artist-race, in youth, strong-limbed and fair,
Heard their immortal Poet's noblest strain,
And, taking arms, destroyed the tyrant's lair."

A SCIENTIFIC HISTORY OF IRELAND.

A SHORT HISTORY OF IRELAND FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO 1608. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D., T.C.D., M.R.I.A., &c. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

How long have we been waiting for a new history of Ireland fair to all parties—English, Irish, Anglo-Irish, Scoto-Irish—a work calculated to confirm Irish patriotism and yet bring it within the bounds of reason—a narrative by a Celtic scholar, which, while sparing no necessary detail in the dark contest between the Dane and Saxon and Anglo-Norman against the Celt, should yet make each of its leading combatants again live in our sympathies! Here is a book that goes far to answer such desires. Dr. Patrick W. Joyce is known as the author of "Irish Names of Places" (confessedly the best work of its kind in any language) and of "Old Celtic Romances," in which Lord Tennyson found the inspiration for his "Voyage of Maeldun," and in which Mr. Burne-Jones's Celtic imagination has also revelled. Dr. Joyce is indeed peculiarly fitted to write Irish history. An Irish scholar of eminence, he has been able to consult at first hand all the Celtic documents bearing on the Irish question, and compare them carefully with the English records. His authority as an Irish antiquary, educator, man of letters, and musician, attach a novel interest to his chapters on the literature, arts, and institutions of ancient Ireland, which form quite the most compendious account of them hitherto presented to the general reader. His plan of weaving history round important events and leading personages has made his volume doubly interesting, and when we add that another object which he has always kept before him—that of writing "soberly and moderately, avoiding exaggeration and bitterness, and showing fair-play all round"—has after the closest historical research been carried out with surprising success, it will be admitted that his is a work every whit as acceptable as it is opportune.

Let us make this commendation good. Here is one of his fresh literary facts: Irish direct metre consisted of quatrains, the sense terminating with the fourth line, with seven syllables in each line and two principal words alliterated in each of these; the lines rhyming or, more generally, ending in assonances or vowel-rhymes, the last word of the second line having one syllable more than the last word of the first, a like relation subsisting between the last words of lines three and four. This has been termed "the most difficult kind of verse under the sun," and the reviewer feelingly re-echoes the sentiment, for he has been at great pains to give

an illustration of the above recipe for direct Irish metre; and if this is direct metre, what must the indirect be?

"Wail on, bleak wind, around her
Thou canst not, sorrow-sounder,
E'er destroy that dream of joy—
Cleena's * clasp of Bride Molloy."

Again, Dr. Joyce shows the historical importance of the glosses, Ogham inscriptions, and family MS. books, such as the book of "The Dun Cow"—recovered by force of arms by the O'Donnells after one hundred and thirty years' detention by the O'Connors—and urges the general reliability of the early Irish annals, as proved by their correct record of eclipses and comets from A.D. 496–A.D. 1066, and the corroboration of their accounts of Irish affairs by early English and foreign writers. Above all, he breaks fresh ground by entering closely but clearly into the Irish laws of compensation and distress, the grades and groups of Irish society, and the laws relating to land, fosterage, public assemblies, and sanctuaries, thus throwing a flood of light on the chief causes of difference between the English and Irish in Ireland and their, unhappily, still active issues. Generally speaking, he shows that it was the English want of sympathy with and ignorance of the earlier and better Irish law, and their attempt to establish at the sword's point feudal institutions for which the Celtic genius was in no way ripe, that initiated the most cruel and prolonged cycle of anarchy Europe has ever known.

In applying his special knowledge of Brehon law to the examination of this deadly struggle, Dr. Joyce is remarkably fair; for after reprobating the selfish policy of the Irish kinglets, who cut one another's throats for the over-lordship of their country, so paving the way for the foreign invader, he can say that it would have been better for both nations if Henry II. had conquered Ireland. But he points out with equal force how "the want of an adequate representation of English Royalty in Ireland, with state and power to overawe the whole people," both native and Anglo-Irish, under which the natives would have been given the benefit of the law that ruled their conquerors, protracted the strife until the Irish were at last crushed into sullen, unsympathetic acquiescence in British rule.

Dr. Joyce's general method of arrangement is good, but his work would gain by the prefix of a summary to each chapter, or, better still, by the employment of the brief marginal subheads favoured by Mr. Froude in his "History of the English in Ireland." Dr. Joyce's index is, moreover, defective except so far as it deals with proper names. His thought is almost invariably clear and sane, and, as a rule, expressed in terse, telling, and unaffected English; though just here and there he is betrayed into such peculiarities as the following:—"Partly by accident and partly by design he (Sir John de Courcy) resembled the prophesied knight." The italicised words, no doubt, mean "through his having studied the part," and go dangerously near both to a bull and to a grammatical solecism. "St. Finnbar or Barra of Cork left his name on the Island of Barra" is a Celticism as yet undomesticated in our language. "They had killed his father and had buried his body *with a dog*." This is slipshod English. Dr. Joyce is too fond of the somewhat commonplace expression "full swing." At one time we read that "the Black Death," at another "that Cardinal Wolsey's power," at a third "that the laws for the spread of Protestantism," are in full swing. "This (the battle of Shrule) resulted in nothing but a great slaughter on both sides; for each party claimed the victory." The italics are ours. Dr. Joyce intends to imply, no doubt, that each party had an equal right to claim the victory, and, therefore, the affair was indecisive. But his statement as it stands is a *non sequitur*. Such inaccuracies are, however, few and far between. The whole book is interesting reading

* The fairy queen of Munster.

and the descriptions of the battle of Clontarf and the Geraldine and O'Neill Rebellions are graphic to a degree.

FICTION.

VASHTI AND ESTHER: A STORY OF SOCIETY TO-DAY. By the writer of "Belle's Letters" in *The World*. In 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

OUTLAW AND LAWMAKER. By Mrs. Campbell Praed, Author of "The Romance of a Station." In 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

A ROMANCE OF LINCOLN'S INN. By Sarah Doudney. In 2 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co.

DROLLS FROM SHADOWLAND. By J. H. Pearce, author of "Inconsequent Lives," etc. London: Lawrence & Bullen.

PEOPLE who may chance to have read "Belle's Letters" in *The World* will cordially welcome the clever writer of those letters in a new appearance as a novelist. That "Belle" was not a mere clothes-chronicler, a creature of *chiffons* and gossip, was already patent. The "letters" exhibited her as a shrewd and genial spectator of the human comedy, not unmindful of its tragic elements, and endowed with a lively sense of its irony. In "Vashti and Esther: a Story of Society To-day," the qualities which distinguished "Belle" as a journalist have fuller scope, and have enabled her to produce an eminently readable and entertaining novel. The Biblical parallel suggested by the title is carried out with sufficient closeness to give point to its application, though it must be confessed that the plot is rather too obviously the thinnest of threads stringing together a number of lively scenes descriptive of the manners and habits of the "upper ten thousand." The "Vashti" of the story is a certain Lady Violet, the lovely and haughty bride of Mr. Kenneth Johnson, a wealthy *parvenu*; whilst the "Esther" figures as a pretty gipsy with whom Kenneth philanders when stung by his wife's pride and contempt. The vacillating conduct of this weak-minded young man brings misery upon both women; but in the end it is Esther who loses her sovereignty over his affections, whilst the imperious Vashti resumes her sway. The episode of the gipsy-girl lacks the vivifying breath of reality, for "Belle" is, as yet, only on safe ground when dealing with the high-born dames whose characteristics she so keenly comprehends and so admirably portrays. But if the leading personages are somewhat disappointing, this deficiency is atoned for by the spirit, humour, and vivacity with which the minor characters are drawn. The real success of the book, indeed, undoubtedly lies in the accuracy and vigour of its hits at the foibles of the fashionable world. "Society," which loves to see its own—or, at any rate, its friends'—failings pilloried in print, is sure to relish the distinctly traceable portraits given in "Vashti and Esther" under the names of Lady Cheshire, the mature dowager with a taste for the turf and a handsome young husband; of Mrs. Venning, the ex-beauty and pet of royalty, turned artist; of Horace Vane, the aristocratic purveyor of backstairs gossip for society journals; of the Duchess of Skye; and many another celebrity of our day herein depicted. Whether the presentation of such unmistakable portraits of living people in a work of fiction be altogether consistent with good taste, is, of course, a matter of individual opinion. It is, at least, the fashion of the moment, and the author of "Vashti and Esther" presumably knows her public, and merely serves up the dish for which it shows a taste. In this case the dish is cleverly compounded; the flavour of cynicism is not over-bitter, and the piquancy of the whole is undeniable. In face of a novel whose interest depends wholly upon its social satire, comparison with "Dodo" is almost inevitable just now. "Vashti and Esther" cannot lay claim to the wit or audacious cleverness of its famous prototype, but it scores a distinct success on its own merits. Its bright vivacity, shrewd common-sense, and real

knowledge of life, place it far above the average novel. It is decidedly a book to be read, enjoyed, and talked about.

In "Outlaw and Lawmaker" Mrs. Campbell Praed has skilfully utilised an idea which, if not absolutely original, is at least one of perennial attractiveness. The career of a man leading a dual existence has before now been made the subject of a novel, but with, generally speaking, small success. By changing the scene, however, to the distant wilds of the Australian bush, Mrs. Campbell Praed has been enabled to surround even the most melodramatic proceedings of her hero with an atmosphere of reality. Startling as it is to find that Morres Blake, heir to an ancient Irish title and Colonial Secretary in the Australian Cabinet, with brilliant prospects of promotion, is identical with "Captain Moonlight," the notorious desperado whose bushranging adventures are the terror of the colony, the reader can accept the situation without any very violent demur on the score of probability. The peculiar conditions of bush-life render even this weird combination of rôles possible, and we follow the chequered career of "Blake of Barolin" with breathless interest from start to finish. Upon the complex character of the picturesque vagabond, with his Claude Duval-like air of chivalry, his Byronic melancholy, and his ill-starred passion for the heroine, Mrs. Campbell Praed has bestowed an amount of care which results in a very thrilling and entertaining story. Elsie Valliant, the object of the bandit's love, is a less sympathetic, and even a less credible, figure. It is difficult to believe in the intensity of emotion attributed to a young lady whose flirtations are so very extensive as Miss Valliant's; but her romantic sentiment for the bushranging Colonial Secretary serves as a very convenient peg upon which to hang adventures of an exciting kind. "Outlaw and Lawmaker" may fairly be described as a fascinating romance of modern Australian life.

Miss Doudney has happily described her pleasant story as a romance. She might have added the words "of the good old-fashioned sort." We are not troubled in "A Romance of Lincoln's Inn" with theological problems, and in place of modern hypnotism we have a wondrous crystal, surely as old as the hills, wherein the heroine is enabled to read her fate. It is a simple story of the loves of a young couple, one of whom lives in Lincoln's Inn, and the other in adjacent Bloomsbury, with which the novel opens; but it is told with so refreshing a zest that the most hardened reader cannot fail to take an interest in the fortunes of the lover and his lass. They are not smooth fortunes by any means, for the young lady has a spirit of her own, and Mayne Comberford is afflicted with jealousy. The idyll changes quickly into something like a tragedy, and in the end it is not Mayne Comberford whom the girl marries, but the person whose face had looked out upon her from the depths of the mysterious crystal. An old-fashioned story, truly; but told with a whole-hearted earnestness that robs it of its triviality, and makes it contrast favourably with the hysterico-psychological romance of to-day.

Mr. J. H. Pearce's reputation as a promising writer of fiction will in no wise be imperilled by the little book entitled "Drolls from Shadowland." The title aptly indicates the nature of these dainty little sketches, which, in sooth, are the most ethereally shadowy fantasies "of imagination all compact." The imaginative faculty is strongly marked in Mr. Pearce, who is at his best in those stories wherein he retails with evident sympathy the legendary lore in which Cornwall is so rich. These wild and weird tales of the West coast come from his pen invested with the added charms of a strong and simple style, and a poetical flow of fancy. They deal largely, of course, with the supernatural, with witches and demons, and even the foul fiend himself, trafficking in the souls of men. In point of local colour and dialect, the best stories are "The Man who could Talk with the Birds," and the pathetic legend of "The Unchristened

Child;" but all are marked by graceful fancy and imaginative powers.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

"DAYS on a Doge's Farm" conjures up a vision of rural life in Italy of singular charm. Vescovana lies about twenty miles from Padua, in the country which Virgil loved and Shelley knew—the "sea of fertile land" bounded by the Euganean Hills and the Adriatic. The Countess Pisani lives at Vescovana, and she has called her country retreat "The Doge's Farm," not because of any historical fitness in the term, but simply for sentimental reasons. There was, it is true, a Pisani who was Doge; but that was long ago, and he was altogether a stranger to the Countess's goodly heritage at Vescovana. Miss Margaret Symonds is a daughter of Mr. John Addington Symonds, by whose recent death England lost an accomplished man of letters and Italy an ardent lover. He meant to help her over this book, and it was whilst he was on his way to Vescovana with that intent that he fell ill and died at Rome. So the promised introduction remains unwritten, and in its place stands a pathetic little dedication which "speaks volumes," as the country folks say, concerning the tender and intimate relationship which death has snapped. "Days on a Doge's Farm" is a first book, and as such must be judged leniently. It is written with girlish enthusiasm, and in a style which is somewhat tropical in its luxuriance. The picture which it presents of an Italian country-house and its surroundings is, however, gracefully drawn, and the reader quickly begins to feel himself at home on the Doge's Farm, since true hospitality, frank good-humour, and a kindness which is too real to be paraded, await the stranger within its gates.

"Letters of Travel" bring us at once into the pleasant company of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks, and we meet, in these familiar epistles, the genial preacher scampering across Europe in light-hearted holiday mood. There are a goodly sheaf of them, and they are all written to members of his own family, and they cover the wanderings of the writer between the years 1865 and 1892—the two landmarks which bear witness to his first and last journeys abroad. Lord Chesterfield used to say—it was a bold statement, and one which is not to be accepted without the proverbial pinch of salt—that the less trouble a man took with a letter the better it would be. He held that letters should be easy and natural, and convey to the person to whom they were sent exactly what the writer would have said by word of mouth. No printed letters which we have happened across of late are more easy and natural than these artless, unpremeditated, pithy, and unpretentious descriptions of places visited in zigzag journeys which were always more or less of the sentimental kind, and of people, wise and simple, encountered in the course of the same. Phillips Brooks was an impressionable man of broad and swift sympathies, wide culture, and vivid imagination, and anyone who reads between the lines of these letters from abroad will see clearly enough that nothing in the nature of historical appeal, literary suggestiveness, or social comment, was lost upon a genial observer who loved books and buildings only less than men and women.

We suppose a biography of "H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence" was inevitable, and when it was announced we confess that we looked forward to its perusal with a degree of interest. Now that the book is in our hands we cannot conceal our disappointment, for the record is dull and formal, and is concerned chiefly with the ceremonial aspects of the lamented young prince's brief and uneventful career. Paucity of material, combined with the fear of giving offence, appear to be jointly responsible for this distant and courtly picture of the Duke of Clarence. If we are mistaken, and there was really nothing more to tell than is recounted in these pages, a biography so barren of incident is bound to pass rapidly into the oblivion which overtakes the superfluous book. The amiable and engaging qualities with which all the world credits the young prince are thrown into attractive relief in Mr. Vincent's pages, and occasionally we obtain a passing glimpse of his life on board the *Bacchante* or his travels in India, as well as his military duties at York and

his home-life at Sandringham; and these help us to understand a little dimly than before his actual surroundings. It is because we are jealous of the memory of the prince that we have made these remarks, for even though he died before he was thirty, he had lived to little purpose if this volume relates all that was most noteworthy alike in his character and in his career. As it is, we prefer to think that the half has not yet been told concerning the kindly qualities and gracious acts of a prince who succeeded in winning the love and esteem of those with whom he mingled on intimate terms.

The Bishop of Ripon has just published a volume of "Twilight Dreams"—allegories in which imagination and fancy are called to the aid of faith. A few of these spiritual tales are rather slight and obvious, but there are at least two or three which reach an impressive level of thought and expression. This is notably the case with "The Lost Pearl" and "The Dreams of Dives," though in the latter we have found ourselves more than once reminded of Dickens' "Christmas Carol." A high and earnest purpose links these allegories together, for they all seek in various ways to render plain the spiritual significance of life, and to lay stress on the consecration which a lofty motive gives to lowly acts of service. The book, in fact, links together vision and duty, and though the moral of Dr. Boyd Carpenter's "Twilight Dreams" is never paraded, it is, on the other hand, never far to seek, at all events by those who turn to its pages with minds which share the writer's faith and charity.

Under the title of "In Sugar-Cane Land," Mr. Eden Phillpotts has written a bright and entertaining account of a flying visit to the West Indies. The book abounds in facts, and they are cleverly handled, and the author proves himself to be not merely a shrewd observer, but a kindly critic. The picturesque aspects of life in the tropics seldom escape him, and he brings to the interpretation of the incidents of travel and its droll encounters considerable humour and enviable high spirits. Altogether this little book—it does not run to three hundred pages—is racy and readable, and Mr. Phillpotts contrives to give us a vivid idea both of the places he visited and the people he met in the course of his wanderings.

We desire to call attention to two admirable text-books for beginners which Messrs. Chapman & Hall have just published in their popular "Science and Art Series." One is an admirably lucid and well-informed exposition of the principles of "Elementary Design," and the other is a pithy and attractive description of the mysteries and methods of "Egyptian Art." Both volumes are amply illustrated, and though of necessity slight and elementary in structure, neither of them are superficial.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE BURDEN OF ISABEL. By J. Maclaren Cobban. Three Vols. (Chatto & Windus.)
- ULRICH'S GERMAN SERIES. In Three Parts. Part III.—Composition. (Williams & Norgate.)
- TWO LIVES. A Poem. By Reginald Fanshawe. (G. Bell.)
- THE DISPERSAL OF SHELLS. By H. Wallis Kew, F.Z.S. (Kegan Paul.)
- HANNIBAL AND KATHARNA. A Drama in Five Acts. By Lt.-Col. J. C. Fife Cookson. (Kegan Paul.)
- THE QUATRAINS OF OMAR KHAYYAM. Translated into English Verse by E. H. Whinfield, M.A. (Kegan Paul.)
- RAYMOND'S FOLLY. By B. P. Neuman. (Unwin.)
- MEMOIRS OF CHANCELLOR PASQUIER. Edited by the Duc D'Audiffret Pasquier. Translated by C. E. Roche. The Revolution—The Consulate—The Empire. Vol. I. 1789—1810. (Unwin.)
- THE LITTLE SQUIRE: A STORY OF THREE. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (Cassell.)
- THE INTERNATIONAL ANNUAL OF ANTHONY'S PHOTOGRAPHIC BULLETIN. Vol. VI, for 1894. (Peck.)
- THE WAY THEY LOVED AT GRIMPAT. Village Idylls. By E. Rentoul Esler. (Sampson Low.)
- SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS IN THE YEARS 1860-69. By Edward Whymper. Fourth Edition. (Murray.)
- DARWINIANISM: WORKMEN AND WORK. By James Hutchinson Stirling, F.R.C.S., LL.D. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.)
- THE POETICAL WORKS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Complete Copyright and Miniature Editions. (H. Frowde.)
- THE POETICAL WORKS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Miniature Edition. Six Vols. (H. Frowde.)
- LETTERS FROM THE WESTERN PACIFIC AND MASHONALAND, 1878-1891. By Hugh H. Romilly, C.M.G. Edited by S. H. Romilly. Introduction by Lord Stanmore, G.C.M.G. (D. Nutt.)
- LOW TIDE ON GRAND PRÉ. A Book of Lyrics. By Bliss Carman. (D. Nutt.)
- GOLFING AND OTHER SONGS. By John Thompson. (Glasgow: W. Hodge.)
- RICHARD ESCOTT. By Edward H. Cooper. (Macmillan.)
- A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LAND REVENUE IN BRITISH INDIA. By B. H. Baden-Powell, C.I.E., F.R.S.E., M.R.A.S. (Oxford: The Clarendon Press.)
- THE WIFE'S GUIDE TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS. By Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M. (Jartold.)
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1893.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE result of the Accrington election is a severe blow to Tory hopes. The constituency had returned a Conservative before the last General Election, and it was generally believed on the Opposition benches that it would revert to its old faith on the present occasion. Strong hopes were also built upon the fact that the election would take place upon an old register. On Thursday evening the news received from Accrington by the Opposition filled them with jubilation, and they counted upon securing a victory which would prove the truth of their assertion that the tide has turned since the summer of last year. Instead of winning this victory they have met with a heavy defeat, Mr. Leese, the Liberal candidate, having received a majority of 258 votes over Mr. Hodge. It is true that there has been a falling-off in the Liberal majority since last year's election; but the state of the register is more than sufficient to account for this. Indeed, the first lesson taught by the election is that a Registration Bill must be passed before there is another appeal to the country. Meanwhile it is evident that Lord Salisbury and his friends have no ground for declaring that "the flowing tide" is now on their side.

PERHAPS the most instructive feature in connection with the Accrington election is the fact that Mr. Hodge, the Conservative candidate, should have found himself compelled to throw over not only his own opinions, but the action of the House of Lords, in order to win the sympathy of the electors. It is true that he repented quickly of this show of independence, and made haste to explain that he really approved of the action of the House of Lords, whilst at the same time endorsing the views of the Trade Unionists against contracting-out. It is not for us to attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable, or to explain how Mr. Hodge could at the same moment be in favour of contracting-out and opposed to it. But his action shows clearly enough the embarrassments in which the Peers are involving their own friends; and as yet we have only seen the beginning of the troubles the Tory party must face owing to the follies of its illustrious allies.

It is a novel experience to have to write of Parliamentary proceedings within a day or two of Christmas. Yet the House of Commons has not only been kept at work almost till Christmas Eve,

but will resume its labours on the morrow of Boxing Day. The indignation of those Tory obstructionists who imagined that they would only need to delay the Local Government Bill till Christmas in order to prevent its becoming law this session, is very great. Some of the sillier and less scrupulous of their number are proposing to display their resentment by addressing questions on every conceivable subject to every member of the Government in the House of Commons on Wednesday next. By taking this course, they will not only compel all the Ministers to be in their places on that day, but will prevent any work being done on the Local Government Bill. It might have been supposed that nobody of full age would have stooped to so childish an exhibition of spite. For their own sakes we must hope that the gentlemen who have talked of taking this course will reconsider their intention.

ONE thing is now quite clear in connection with the state of Parliamentary business—that is, that Ministers and their followers have taken a course which they mean to pursue to the very end. They are resolved that they will not allow the policy to which they are committed by their pledges to the electors to be frustrated by the kind of tactics to which a portion of the Opposition is resorting. Having made up their minds to sit until the Local Government Bill is disposed of, they will certainly do so; and it rests solely with the Opposition to determine how long the sittings shall last. When the Bill has passed the House of Commons it is probable that the House will be adjourned for a month, in order to give the House of Lords full time to deal with the Bill. Members will thus get the holiday they so greatly need. On reassembling to receive the Bill back from the Lords, it is probable that they will continue to sit for the ordinary summer session. This does not mean that the sessions of 1893 and 1894 will be amalgamated. Parliament can be prorogued one day and called together for a new session on the following day; and this, we imagine, will be the plan adopted by Mr. Gladstone.

THE naval debate on Tuesday in the House of Commons resulted in a distinct victory for the Government. Lord George Hamilton, as everybody had foreseen, had played his cards so badly that it was an easy matter for Mr. Gladstone to make a crushing reply to his attack upon the Administration. So far as the Tory and Unionist speakers were concerned, they threw no light of any importance upon the question of our naval requirements.

Their whole purpose seemed to be to excite prejudice against Ministers by representing them as being indifferent to the national interests and requirements. It was inevitable in these circumstances that Ministers, in replying, should devote themselves chiefly to answering the charges brought against them. One speech, however, of exceptional importance redeemed the debate from the partisan character it must otherwise have had. This was the remarkable speech of Sir Charles Dilke. Whilst absolutely free from any party-bias, it was very pessimistic in tone. The pessimism was, we are inclined to think, too great. At all events, the speaker did not make his audience acquainted with facts sufficient to justify it. But Sir Charles Dilke has studied this question of the offensive and defensive forces of the Empire far more closely than most men, and he speaks with a degree of authority such as few possess. Even without his speech, it would have been clear from the statement made by Mr. Gladstone that the Admiralty will require to put forth great efforts in order to keep pace with the shipbuilding activity of France and Russia. With Sir Charles Dilke's speech before us, no one can deny that this important work ought to be taken in hand at the earliest possible moment.

It is not pleasant to find ourselves at variance with a considerable section of the Radical party, but we confess that we find it impossible to sympathise with the demand of those who insist that the Duke of Edinburgh—to give him a title he still holds—should give up the whole of the allowance voted to him by Parliament. That allowance was made to him in his character as a son of the Sovereign, and he is still the Queen's son although he has become a German prince. We are convinced that nobody wishes to behave shabbily to the duke. Mr. Labouchere and his friends were only actuated by a strong sense of duty. But, as a matter of fact, if they had got their way, the treatment of the duke by this country would have been distinctly harsh. He is not by any means a rich man, and it is increase of responsibilities rather than any immediate increase of wealth which he has acquired by his succession to the Coburg Sovereignty. True, his wife has a large income of her own; but it should have occurred to those who make much of this fact that for this very reason the Duke of Edinburgh may at the time of his marriage have entered into personal obligations on the faith of the settlement which was then made upon him by the nation. He seems to us to have acted with commendable public spirit in surrendering the greater part of his allowance, and Mr. Gladstone was undoubtedly justified in the statement he made on the subject on Thursday.

THE appointment of Sir Philip Currie as English Ambassador to the Porte had been generally foreseen, and came, therefore, as a surprise to no one. A better appointment it would have been difficult to make. Sir Philip has had a long and varied experience at the Foreign Office, and has won the confidence of successive Foreign Ministers of both parties. If he does not possess that special knowledge of Oriental diplomacy and its ways which some former ambassadors to Turkey have had, he is at least thoroughly acquainted with the traditions and principles of English diplomacy, and with the secrets of the Foreign Office. His great ability, too, should enable him readily to acquire the special knowledge needed in his place. We observe that the *Pall Mall Gazette* falls into the curious blunder of describing Sir Philip as "Lord Salisbury's private secretary," and states that in this capacity "he has been in a position to insist that our foreign policy shall be on Lord Salisbury's lines." To talk of the permanent Under-Secretary

as being the private secretary of his chief is an egregious blunder; whilst we should like to know what Lord Rosebery would have said if his subordinate had tried to "insist" upon his following any given line of policy merely because it happened to be that of his predecessor. Nobody can have read the statement of the *Pall Mall Gazette* with more amazement than Sir Philip Currie himself.

THE debate on the third reading of the East India Loan Bill in the House of Commons on Monday was academic in a different way from the debate on the second reading in the previous week. Everybody knows the ordinary type of discussion following a paper read at a learned society—discussion which results in a general approval of the paper, but wanders off into side-issues and bears no very definite fruit. The same sort of effect is produced on the mind by Monday's debate. There is practically no doubt that the Bill is indispensable, but that is the only firm ground in a quagmire of uncertainty and an atmosphere of mist and gloom. So the discussion took in bimetallism and the late Monetary Conference (as to which Mr. Chaplin's views were backed in a reserved kind of way by Lord Salisbury next day in the House of Lords), and the possibilities of an import duty on silver, and the allegations that the Indian Government are holding it for a rise, and a variety of allied topics, of which, at any rate, it is well to have obtained a comprehensive view. Perhaps the most notable contributions to the debate were Mr. Courtney's dissociation of what is inaccurately called "the fixing of the rupee at 1s. 4d.," from the refusal of the Indian Government to sell drafts, and his suggestion that they ought to have gone on doing so at a loss of say 9½ per cent. No light was thrown on their future course, and none is available. One interference with the ordinary play of economic forces, it may be argued, entails another; and all the ordinary reader can do is to hope that the borrowing powers taken will not be used to the full, and that the temporary character of the loan will be maintained.

ABROAD. CONSIDERING the nature of the Anarchist outrage in the French Chamber this day fortnight, it must be said that Europe in general remains creditably free from panic. Spain, hitherto the greatest sufferer perhaps from Anarchism, has, it seems, proposed some kind of international league against it; but the proposal has not found favour elsewhere. In Switzerland a measure is now before the Legislature imposing severe penalties on incitement to outrage or on the manufacture or possession of explosives with a view to its commission; but there is no interference with the ordinary liberty of the subject or with normal freedom of speech. In Bohemia there has been a serious outrage—which some, however, attribute to Young Czechs—and there are expulsions or attempted expulsions of Anarchists in progress or impending; for it is probable that other countries will follow the example set by France in refusing to admit the Anarchists expelled from Spain. The investigations made by the French police, however, rather tend to strengthen the alarm. The number of Anarchists now "wanted" at Paris suggests that the recent explosion was not such an isolated individual affair as Anarchist outrages are generally supposed to be. Some of these persons are of higher station than the ordinary makers of outrage—especially a certain M. Stachelberg, a Russian subject, and M. Paul Réclus, who is believed to be seriously compromised. Moreover, several bombs have been discovered in provincial towns—notably at Amiens and at Saint-Étienne.

INDEED, the only sign of panic legislation seems to be the proposal of the *Temps* to dissociate the police throughout France from the local authorities and

subordinate it wholly to the Ministry of the Interior. At present in Paris, Lyons, and some other places—in certain pleasure towns and on the frontier—it is already so subordinated; but elsewhere there is a sort of dual control; the police commissaries being appointed by the Minister of the Interior but paid out of local funds and liable to suspension by the Mayor. Where the Socialists have captured the municipal governments, this may lead to awkward complications. But a completely centralised police would probably be a greater danger to civil society than the aberrations of a few Socialist mayors.

BELGIUM this week is threatened with a serious Ministerial crisis and a suspension of the work of giving effect to the new electoral reform. Proportional representation, which is with us a matter of purely academic interest, is regarded there, as in Switzerland, as a valuable check on the excesses of democracy, and a means of leavening it with intelligence. In Belgium it is supported both by the Moderate Right for the former reason, and by the Advanced Liberals for the latter; while the Extreme Right and the Moderate Liberals strongly oppose it. The opposition of the former has reached such a pitch that M. Beernaert has announced that if the proposals of the Ministry are not adopted he will resign, and his colleagues have determined to follow him. Now, any suspension of work on the electoral laws (which are necessary to give effect to the principles embodied in the new Constitution) would interfere seriously with the work of electoral registration, and, in fact, postpone the first general election under the extended franchise beyond the time required by the Constitution. Negotiations for a compromise between the Ministry and the recalcitrant section of its own supporters are now in progress. But M. Beernaert is known to wish to retire for personal reasons, and it seems improbable that he will change his mind.

THE "minor commercial treaties" between Germany and Spain, Serbia, and Roumania respectively have passed the Reichstag, after an extremely bitter attack by Count Herbert Bismarck on the Chancellor and the policy of the Government; and there is reason to believe that the negotiations with Russia are making such good progress that the treaty will be ready for ratification early next year. Its fate is still doubtful. It would seem that the "agrarians" have done their worst against the treaty with Roumania, which, nevertheless, passed by a majority of 24; and considerable division on various matters appears to exist in their ranks. But it is reported that the opposition among the Catholic Centre will be more considerable than it was last week: and possibly fresh bounties on sugar, or other devices of unsound economics, may be found useful in conciliating opponents. If the treaty passes, however, one danger will be removed which threatens the peace of Europe. The smuggling, inevitable in a tariff war, over the eastern frontiers of Germany, might easily produce incidents which would set all Europe ablaze. Even apart from this danger, friendly commercial relations between the two countries are an excellent safeguard of peace.

THE new Italian Cabinet was at last completed provisionally yesterday week—some significant changes taking place at the last moment, of which more anon—and met the Chamber on Wednesday with an appeal from the Premier for support without distinction of party in the gravest crisis which has ever yet befallen the Italian Kingdom. He referred in general terms to the necessity of reductions of expenditure, and patriotic "sacrifices," and promised legislation to improve the social condition of Sicily; but he made no other definite declarations, and failed to induce either the Extreme Left or the Right to abandon their attitude of reserve. The impression

produced in official circles, both in Italy and in Berlin, is said to be unfavourable: and there is already some speculation as to the possibility of an early dissolution.

It must be said in fairness that the composition of the Cabinet in the main supports the more favourable of the two views of its policy that we set forth last week. It is not quite a non-partisan Cabinet—the co-operation of the Right was at the last moment withdrawn for reasons which are still obscure, but are said by Signor Crispi's friends to have been discreditable; but all but two of its members are well known. None are very strong partisans, and most of them inspire a considerable degree of confidence. Baron Blanc, in particular, the new Foreign Minister, though one of the makers of the Triple Alliance, has been Ambassador to Paris, and is believed to be a *persona grata* to the French Government. Signor Sonnino, though on an historical occasion in 1891 he anticipated Mr. Hayes Fisher, M.P., in producing a Parliamentary scene, has a high reputation as a financier, and is the leader of a group. Signori Saracco and Boselli are men of official experience; Signori Ferraris, Bacelli, and Morin have an outside reputation. Unfortunately the War Minister, the most important of all, is wholly unknown, and the revelations of General Ricotti, who was offered the post, indicate that a really effective reduction of the military expenditure will not be undertaken.

GENERAL RICOTTI says he was ready to reduce the annual expenditure by forty million francs, and the army by two corps. Signor Crispi preferred a reduction of only sixteen millions, and the maintenance of the present number of twelve corps. General Ricotti declined to guarantee the efficiency of the army on these conditions, and an unknown man, General Mocenni, was substituted for him. Possibly the fact that no definite arrangement has yet been made as to the portfolio of the Treasury is connected with the same difficulty. If so, the opposition, reinforced from the Right, will concentrate itself on a definite issue—in which, unfortunately, the position of the King, who is the real opponent of the reduction, may be very seriously compromised indeed.

THE situation in Serbia appears to be becoming dangerous again. King Alexander has apparently abandoned the Radicals and sent for M. Garaschanine, the founder of the Progressist party, and of late years one of its bitterest foes. Now the Progressist party is almost extinct, and the Radicals form the enormous majority of the Skupstina. Moreover, M. Garaschanine has always been in favour of a good understanding with Austria—and the relations at present are extremely strained—and he was the devoted servant of King Milan. His selection, therefore, may mean a general election under strong official pressure, and of the dangers of such a process there was ample evidence a year ago; and it certainly means a challenge to the Russophil Radicals and an excellent opening for Russian intrigue. And the fact that the late Liberal Ministers, who are now on trial, will certainly receive a pardon if convicted, tends further to intensify the Radical discontent.

M. TRICOUPIS' "provisional arrangement" with the creditors of Greece has called forth energetic protests from the French and German Governments, as well as from various quarters in England, and is extremely likely to close the Money Market of Europe for an indefinite period to any fresh borrowing on the part of Greece. To treat all the loans

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

alike, notwithstanding that some are secured on special revenues, is a wholly illegitimate proceeding, even though it was advocated by high financial authorities in the case of Argentina. And there is an uncomfortable expectation that the chief benefits of the arrangement will accrue to those creditors who are least secured by explicit guarantees. The proposal is a grave disappointment to all well-wishers of Greece, and it is to be hoped that M. Tricoupis may be able to retrace his steps. The Greek Press and even public meetings, it is satisfactory to learn, take a higher view of the duties of their country than his Ministry does.

THE Civil War in Brazil goes on monotonously and with little positive result. Rio was bombarded again last Saturday for an hour; and Marshal Peixoto's troops have gained some small successes against the insurgents. From a detailed account of the aims of the latter published this week in the *Journal des Débats* it would seem that they propose to restore the Monarchy, not in the person of the Comtesse d'Eu, the late Emperor's eldest daughter, who is notoriously unpopular, but in that of her son, Prince Pedro d'Alcantara, now at Vienna. She, however, positively refuses to abdicate; and should she persist, the Monarchist party when they succeed will establish a Council of State, and increase, meanwhile, the liberties now enjoyed by the various provinces, so that the country will be a loose federation under a small oligarchy. The arrangement obviously offers no guarantee of permanence; on the contrary, its instability is practically certain. But perhaps the disintegration of Brazil may be the best thing for the Brazilians in the end. Were San Paulo a German republic, for instance, or were Italians and Swiss to settle in Minas Geraes as they settle in Argentina, there would be at least one portion of South America in which the European investor could place his capital with a reasonable hope of receiving the interest.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, etc.

THE people of Yorkshire are doing credit to themselves by founding a Brontë Society in that West Riding which owes so much to the genius of the gifted sisters of Haworth Parsonage. If Charlotte Brontë could have foreseen that in Bradford, which she has described for us in such vivid but unlovely colours, a meeting of grave men of business would be held forty years after her death in order to found a society primarily intended to do honour to herself and her sisters, she would have been filled with amazement. Yet the Brontë cult has now taken firm hold of the sturdy Yorkshire people, and the author of "Jane Eyre" is no longer neglected in her own country. A Brontë Museum is to be founded in connection with the Brontë Society, and there ought to be no difficulty in filling this with many interesting relics of the world-famed parsonage.

THE Westminster play is an odd survival. How bizarre to be listening within earshot of the traffic of Victoria Street to an old Latin comedy, as far removed in its action from *Charley's Aunt* as the colloquial Latin of Plautus is from the legislative oratory of Westminster. The play and the room in which it is performed remind us forcibly of the obsolete French jargon affected by that archaic corporation, the House of Lords. But though the lay or feminine public may regard it merely as a curious ceremony, scholars would be sorry to part with the Westminster play, and the senior boys of the school would regret losing the linguistic advantage of getting such a living grip of conversational Latin. As it is, they probably come nearer to feeling the pulse of ancient Rome than many widely read scholars.

THE tedium of the *Trinummus*, a play consisting mainly of duologue and extending over five acts varied by no change of scene, is helped out by the applause of small boys taking their cue from wands waved by official *claqueurs*. The histrionic honours have fallen to the Stasimus of W. C. Mayne and the Sycophant of J. F. Waters. The former's description of the curse on the field which his master's rash generosity wants to make over to his sister for a dowry, and his drunken scene culminating in the recognition of Charmides were very effective; and the entrance, in Act IV.—of Charmides and the Sycophant, with his toad-stool get-up, is the signal for things to move more briskly for a time. It is a case of Greek meeting Greek, and sycophant beating sycophant. Plautus gives place after two hours to the Epilogue, a skit in elegiacs on recent events, which transports us to a modern setting in Trafalgar Square. The company as it breaks up seems both edified and satisfied with the mixed fare of early Latin comedy and modern burlesque.

AN object at the Chicago Exhibition which puzzled many visitors (some taking it for the latest invention in implements of war, and others as an infernal machine, while other benighted ones thought it was for catching comets) was, in reality, nothing more than the magnificent forty-inch refractor presented by Mr. Yerkes to the Chicago University. In 1846, when Palkova and Harvard University received two fifteen-inch refractors, it was thought that the limit of size had been practically reached. Very nearly fifteen years elapsed before the next advance was made, and with this new glass (18½-inch) it was discovered visually that Sirius was accompanied by a companion that revolved round the primary. A new impetus being thus given to large telescope-building, more were constructed, among which were the 26-inch of the United States Naval Observatory, and one of the same aperture for the University of Virginia. Then followed in due time the 30-inch glass for the Russian observatory, and finally the magnificent 36-inch refractor for the Lick Observatory at Mount Hamilton, which has made many gifts to astronomical science, among them being Jupiter's fifth satellite. The Yerkes instrument, which is now the largest yet made, has an aperture of forty inches; the lenses are still in an unfinished state, Messrs. Alvan Clark & Son undertaking the polishing and grinding. For the best results, both visual and photographic, much depends on the locality in which instruments are placed. In the last few years it has been the tendency to set up observatories at moderate elevations and away from all towns. To say that big telescope-building is now reaching a limit would be a very bold statement in the face of the opinions of the best opticians and telescope-constructors. Mr. Alvan G. Clark, who read a paper on the subject at Chicago, gives it as his opinion that the only obstacles are time and money, although ingenuity has to be used to the utmost in minor details incidental to such large instruments when they are to be used in connection with the spectroscope, the micrometer, and the camera.

PROFESSOR KARL LUDWIG MICHELET, OBITUARY.

who has died at the age of ninety-two, was perhaps the very last of the Hegelians proper—if, indeed, he is not to be classed as of even a later generation, seeing that with Strauss he was among the most prominent members of the advanced wing of the school. Originally a jurist, he went over to philosophy through ethics, and made his mark as a commentator on Aristotle's system as long ago as 1827. While most of his followers have developed a dogmatic materialism, he still maintained spiritualistic doctrine, but it is extremely improbable that he has left any disciples.—General Mathelin, one of the most distinguished of the French generals of the day, had served in the Crimea, the Italian war, and fought under Canrobert at St. Privat in 1870, and

had shown great activity as commander of an army corps.—M. Keuchenius, a former Colonial Minister in the kingdom of the Netherlands, had been previously a prominent member of the Opposition, and had entered public life (in 1866) by provoking a Parliamentary crisis on a colonial question. He was a well-known “anti-revolutionary” and a strong opponent of many things—among them unsectarian education. The Earl of Bective and Mr. T. C. Edwardes-Moss had been members of Parliament for divisions of Westmoreland and South Lancashire respectively, but their more distinctive titles to fame are to be found in the famous herd of shorthorns of the former, and the aquatic reputation of the latter as an Oxford oar and coach of the University eight. General Sir Henry Ramsay, K.C.B., and Mr. Samuel Mansfield, C.S.I., had done excellent service for many years in the government of India—especially in maintaining the loyalty of the outlying provinces of Kumaon and Khandeish respectively during the Mutiny.

THE NAVAL DEBATE.

IF there is any man within the limits of the United Kingdom who cherishes an unnatural desire to see the British Empire lured to its ruin, he is probably at this moment filled with a sense of the gratitude he owes to Lord George Hamilton for his action on Tuesday last. No amount of ingenuity could possibly have enabled Lord George to take a course more mischievous to the national interests than that which he has adopted with regard to the question of the Navy. By his narrow and unpatriotic partisanship, his shameless preference of his own interests to those of the country, he has succeeded in adding enormously to the difficulties of those who are bent upon maintaining the naval strength of England at the highest possible point. His discreditable electioneering dodge failed signally, as it deserved to do. Mr. Gladstone had the easiest of tasks in showing that Lord George Hamilton was acting in direct opposition to Constitutional practice and patriotic sentiment. There was not a man on the Liberal side who did not recognise this fact, and there was hardly a member of the Opposition who was not secretly conscious of it. But although the ex-First Lord of the Admiralty was absolutely foiled in his attempt to turn a national movement to party profit, he was unquestionably successful in doing no small amount of injury to that movement itself. As Sir Ughtred Shuttleworth justly observed in his speech on Tuesday, it is the natural impulse of a man when he is attacked to defend himself. Lord George Hamilton and his horde of Tory panic-mongers have identified the question of naval development with a bitter attack upon the policy of the present Government. The natural and inevitable result is that her Majesty's Ministers being thus rudely and unfairly assailed, have devoted their attention to the task of vindicating themselves, and have accomplished it brilliantly. But meanwhile—thanks to the egregious folly of Lord George Hamilton and his friends—the great national question of the strength of the Navy, not only now but in the future, runs the risk of being overshadowed by the smaller question of the merits of the present Board of Admiralty. A bigger blunder has never been committed, even by one of these exalted beings who pose as statesmen. Mr. Balfour ought really in his own interests to fight shy of Lord George Hamilton and his paltry party manœuvring in future.

That Mr. Gladstone and Sir Ughtred Shuttleworth are fully justified in the tone of their references to the present state of the Navy, and to its strength

compared with the fleets of other Powers, will be denied by nobody. Some weeks ago, when the first signs of an incipient panic began to be visible, we discussed this question fully, and arrived, on *data* open to the world at large, at very much the same conclusions as those stated by the Prime Minister on Tuesday. If, for any reason, war were to break out to-morrow, it would find the English fleet relatively stronger than it ever was before. And twelve months hence, if there were to be war, the statement would apply still more emphatically to the comparative naval forces at the command of England and her rivals. This being the case, we have from the first pointed out the absurdity of anything in the nature of a panic. Unfortunately there are seemingly those who are not only unable to resist the feeling of panic, but who know how to turn their own fears to party advantage. There is Mr. Chamberlain, for example, the representative, apparently, of patriotism of the Brummagem kind, who was not ashamed in the debate on Tuesday to talk discreditable rubbish about our having to “cut and run” from the Mediterranean in case of war; and who then sought to fasten the responsibility for his own cowardice upon the Government he hates. It is by men of his stamp that the wise and proper movement in favour of the strengthening of our one line of defence is discredited, as the present movement undoubtedly has been. To get out of the atmosphere of party passion, and out of the region of panic, ought to be the desire of every wise man and every true patriot at this moment. But it is equally necessary that the country, and, above all, the supporters of the Government, should not lose sight of that which is after all the main question at issue. The fleet which is sufficiently strong to-day will certainly not be sufficiently strong at some future date, unless serious efforts are made to reinforce it. Upon this point the members of the Government who spoke on Tuesday were as clear and emphatic as their opponents. We have full confidence in the present Board of Admiralty; and we accept unreservedly the declarations made by Sir Ughtred Shuttleworth as to its determination to prepare for the needs of the future. But such preparation will demand heavy sacrifices from the public. An enlarged Navy means an enlarged expenditure. It is absolutely necessary in these circumstances that Ministers should be supported and encouraged in the performance of an onerous public duty by the approval of their own party.

The remarkable speech which Sir Charles Dilke contributed to Tuesday's debate helped to raise it above the level of party passion and recrimination. But the pessimism of the tone in which he spoke hardly seems to have been justified by the facts which Sir Charles had to lay before the House. That recent political events, the understanding on naval questions between France and Russia, and the adoption of the remarkable ten-years' programme of ship-building by the former country, necessitate a large addition to the English Navy can be contested by nobody. But we own that we fail to see on what grounds Sir Charles declares the French Mediterranean fleet to be superior to the combined Channel and Mediterranean squadrons of this country; unless he accords to the torpedo-boats of France a degree of importance which even Frenchmen themselves—as witness M. Clémenceau's recent utterances—refuse to attribute to them. In battle-ships, in first-class cruisers, and even in cruisers of the second class, the superiority of this country is incontestable. But whatever may be the truth on this point, we agree heartily with Sir Charles Dilke in believing that an imperative duty

is laid upon the present Board of Admiralty, and on the Liberal party in the House of Commons, in connection with this question of the reinforcement of the fleet. We agree not less strongly with him in his reference to the scandalous disproportion between the expenditure on the Army and that on the Navy—a subject to which we have more than once called attention. Where we do not agree with him is in his apparent distrust both of the Admiralty and the Liberal party. We certainly do not believe that the subject of the Navy is a hateful one to the majority of Liberals. On the contrary, we are convinced that the maintenance of the national defences, and the consequent maintenance of our absolute supremacy at sea, is as dear to every Liberal as it can be to any Tory. Mr. Gladstone, who wrote so forcibly and eloquently in 1870 on the question of British naval supremacy, will assuredly be able to rely upon the warm support of a united party in the increased efforts which must now be put forth to enable that supremacy to be maintained.

THE LORDS AND THE LIABILITY BILL.

EVEN the intelligence of the Lords is likely to grasp the significance of two such circumstances as the rejection of Lord Dudley's contracting-out amendment in the House of Commons by a majority of 62, and the fact that the first Tory candidate who presented himself for election since the amendment was adopted found it necessary to disown it. We shall not be surprised, therefore, if between this and the middle of January, when they have fully cogitated upon the matter, we see a repetition of their Lordships' recent tactics on the question of betterment. Already their sagacious adviser, the *Times*, is counselling them to hedge. "Uncompromising opposition to the Lower House," it fears, will not do. "Half a loaf," it declares, "is better than no bread"—'tis, sure, a humble philosophy for so mighty a cloud-compeller—and it suggests to its noble patrons that, on the whole, it might be advisable to "propose as a compromise" even "the limited and illogical amendment of Mr. McLaren, or something resembling it." These chastened moods of the opponents of the Government programme are extremely interesting and instructive. We would invite special attention to them. The Lords and the Opposition, of which they are the instrument, begin in a mood for which truculent is not too strong a word. Their plan of action is to seize upon the vital parts of a Government Bill, destroy them, and send the rest of the measure—gutted and useless, but still a simulacrum of a Bill—back to the House of Commons. In this manner they fell upon the betterment clauses of the London Improvements Bill and the clauses against contracting out in the Employers' Liability Bill, and they are preparing to fall upon the Poor Law clauses of the Local Government Bill. They proclaim this *tactique* on high, receive deputations about it, and surround it with a fanfare of triumphant platitude. For to their order of political intelligence it seems a monstrously clever device for bewildering the mind of the plebeian elector: you send the Government back the husk of their Bill, and if the Government refuse the husk you tell the elector that the House of Commons, through spite, has turned against its own Bills, and left the House of Lords to be their only champion. In this spirit they proceed to action, shouting battle-cries of "Freedom of contract!" and "Down with senseless propositions!" When the deed is done they pause, and the prosaic election agent gets a hearing. He has some depressing things to report, and the

upshot is the Lords and their advisers realise that they have made a bad mistake. Then they proceed to hedge. Now, it is a grievous descent for a legislative assembly and a party which began and which acted in so high a fashion to come down to hedging. It is but one step from hedging to surrender, and what it is so useful to bear in mind in this connection is that the assembly or the party which is capable of being driven to the one step is capable at any moment of being driven to the other.

The mere hedging, the Lords should realise, will not serve. We have seen what a dismal failure it proved in relation to the question of betterment. It would not be any more successful on the Employers' Liability Bill. It is not the policy here. It does not offer a middle ground, but only that vacuum between two altitudes, a step into which means a tumble. The Lords cannot escape by hedging from the consequences of their deliberate and recorded acts—of their contumelious rejection of betterment as a "senseless proposition," of their adoption of Lord Dudley's absurd and outrageous amendment, which even Mr. Chamberlain is unable to defend. They have only one alternative—either to stick to their acts and brazen them out or else to undo them altogether. They have advisers who would urge them to adopt the former course. Mr. Chamberlain, it appears, is one of these—Mr. Chamberlain, who has the enterprise to accuse the Government of seeking to pick a quarrel with the Lords. To Liberals it is a matter of indifference which of the two courses the Lords are going to choose; but one or other it must be—fight or surrender. Between this and January they had better make up their minds.

We are speaking, of course, with reference to vital principles of the Bill against which Lord Dudley's amendment aimed a deadly blow. Had the Lords sent down a reasonable amendment of detail, it might have afforded some material for compromise, and the House of Commons would have done wisely to treat it with consideration. But for such a proposition as Lord Dudley's there was only one course—flat rejection. It is not competent for the House of Lords to kill the principle of a House of Commons Bill and then call upon the House of Commons to accept the mutilated remains. That the principle of the Bill was slain by Lord Dudley's amendment Mr. Asquith had little difficulty in proving in his able speech on Wednesday. The Bill is not a measure designed with a view to particular cases; it is a law intended for the protection of human life and human health in the general industrial operations of the country. That is its principle. But under Lord Dudley's amendment it would be in the power of every employer and every body of workmen in the country, by a financial arrangement between themselves, to put themselves beyond the reach of this general law. This would be the very stultification of legislative action—to make a law, and at the same time expressly provide for its wholesale evasion! It is irrelevant to talk of employers of good repute like the Great Eastern Railway Company or the London and North Western. As well cite the case of good landlords as an argument against the provisions of an Irish Land Bill. It is not the good employers for whom this law is required, but the bad employers; and furthermore it is not the great employers—the big corporations which are more or less amenable to public opinion—but the small employers. Good employers, in fact, will not be in the least degree affected by this Bill; they will not find any temptation to contract themselves out of its provisions, or to change the policy they now adopt with

regard to the insurance funds of their *employés*. The same reasons which induce them to contribute to these funds now will be as valid when the Bill becomes law; and they will not alter their practice—as Lord Londonderry, for example, announced he would not alter his practice—even though it becomes law exactly as it left the Commons. If we thought the case were otherwise, we should be in favour of amending the Bill to the extent of removing any discouragement which it might contain to the practice of mutual insurance under such sound and natural conditions. Mutual insurance is in itself a wholesome thing, and it has many special advantages both for employers and employed; but, for the sake of removing imaginary restrictions upon a wholesome practice in wholesome hands, to enable mutual insurance to be turned into a device for cheating the work-people of employers of the oppressive stamp out of all the benefits of a law intended for their protection, would be a monstrous perversion both of reason and justice, which the House of Commons would be false to its duty if it countenanced for a moment. The Lords, in Lord Dudley's amendment, assailed the life principle of the Employers' Liability Bill; and unless they are prepared to withdraw that amendment utterly, they must be content to be accepted by the country as deadly adversaries of the Bill itself.

A CHRISTMAS CANARD.

WE presume it must be regarded as evidence of the intensity of the Tory desire for a change in the tide that so many persons of "light and leading" were led to accept a week ago the preposterous story of an impending dissolution. The newspaper editors swallowed it with a greediness which goes far to damage their reputation for common-sense in the eyes of the outer world. The evening papers were, of course, conspicuous for their readiness to accept the story. The solemn weekly newspapers followed suit, and the *Spectator* treated us to a philosophic explanation of the reasons which must have led Mr. Gladstone to form a determination which we have every reason to believe has never even entered his mind. But it is somewhat surprising that not merely the *Times* but even the ordinarily cool-headed *Standard* should have fallen into the egregious trap. There was to be an early dissolution of Parliament—on that point all these sapient authorities were agreed—and so there was a sudden flutter in the political world, and the wire-pullers of the Opposition made haste to reckon up the number of candidates they had ready to take the field at any moment. The whole wild rumour was not merely an invention, but an extremely foolish one. We do not ask the editors of the *Times* and the other organs of the Tory press to make themselves acquainted with the intentions of the Ministry, but they ought at least to know something of what is in the minds of their own leaders. If they had possessed this knowledge they would never have fallen into the astounding blunder of believing that, without rhyme or reason, Parliament was about to be suddenly dissolved, and the country plunged, when it least expected it, into the turmoil of a General Election.

We may dismiss this *canard* from further notice. It has simply served to illustrate once more the folly of the quidnuncs. But it is instructive to observe some of the grounds upon which our opponents professed to found their belief in the imminence of a General Election. Ministers, we were told, had brought themselves into such a position

that there was really no escape from it except by the unheroic process of throwing up the sponge. In the first place, they had been guilty of a gross breach of faith with the House of Commons. Upon this point we observe that one Mr. Bosworth Smith, a gentleman chiefly known to fame in connection with an unfounded and discreditable attack upon the memory of a dead hero who fought and fell under the English banner during the great Mutiny, has waxed eloquent in the congenial columns of the *Times*. Mr. Gladstone's perfidy in relation to the Local Government Bill, according to Mr. Bosworth Smith, is the greatest of which any Minister has been guilty since the time when Mr. Pitt was born. We should be glad to know from this unimpeachable authority wherein the gross breach of faith of which he complains exists. To tell a man that he has been guilty of a fraud, and at the same time carefully to refrain from explaining wherein the fraud lies, is merely in ordinary life to prove one's self a libellous fool. If Mr. Bosworth Smith, and the gentlemen who agree with him in his opinion regarding the conduct of the Government, will kindly explain wherein the breach of faith of which they complain consists, they will render a service not only to themselves but to the country at large. The truth is that the undertakings given by Mr. Fowler on behalf of the Ministry, when the Local Government Bill was introduced, have been carried out to the very letter, and the whole charge of perfidy, breach of promise, and so forth is nothing more than the excuse invented by unscrupulous Obstructionists for the purpose of covering their own discreditable tactics.

But breach of faith as a reason for the impending Dissolution sank into insignificance compared with the other argument put forward by the advocates of the Opposition. This was the state of business in Parliament. The *Times* and its imitators in the Press have been writing day after day as though the Prime Minister were not so much an unscrupulous political adventurer as a muddle-headed and incapable administrator, whose want of capacity, and even of ordinary foresight and common-sense, had led him to drag his party into a pit. "What in the world is Mr. Gladstone thinking about?" these gentlemen have cried in chorus, as they have recorded day after day the more or less successful efforts of the Opposition to stay the progress of all business in the House of Commons. It is not necessary to gratify them with any statement as to the nature of Mr. Gladstone's thoughts, but it can hardly be superfluous to point out to them the fact that Ministers, being resolved not to allow the hopes of the country to be defeated by the efforts of an unscrupulous minority, are manifestly taking the best way to reach the end at which they aim. No doubt it is a hardship for the House of Commons to have to sit in Christmas week; but, after all, the individual comfort of a few hundreds of public men can hardly be allowed to stand in the way of the realisation of great public objects. Besides, Ministers seem to us to have taken the course which is not only most certain to lead to the success of the National policy, but which is least burdensome to members of Parliament themselves. The House will pursue the discussion of the Local Government Bill, possibly unhasting but certainly unrelenting, until that Bill has been carried through all its stages and sent to the House of Lords. There is not the slightest reason, provided fair play be given to Ministers, why the Bill should not be read a third time by the middle of January. It will then have been before Parliament for a far longer period than Mr. Ritchie's Local Government Bill, and ample opportunity will have been afforded for full discussion upon every

point of importance it contains. When once the Bill has been sent to the Upper House the members of the Representative Chamber can be set at liberty. The House of Commons can adjourn for a month or more, in order that the Peers may have ample time to work their will upon a measure which they are hardly likely to kill with kindness. In that case the House of Commons would reassemble about the middle of February to receive the Bill back from the Lords, and to deal with the amendments of the Peers as may seem to be desirable. The moment the Royal assent had been given to the measure both Houses could be prorogued and the long session brought to an end. But as both Peers and Commons would by that time have had the advantage of a very fair and even liberal holiday, there would be no reason why the new session should not commence on the day following the prorogation. This seems to us to be the wisest course which Ministers can now adopt. If there is anything unusual in the procedure, we must remember that the Government has been driven to it by the unusual—we might say the unprecedented—tactics of the Opposition. But, in any case, such a course would not merely enable them to close the present session in triumph, but to begin the new session not much later than the ordinary period, and with a fair prospect of a useful and fruitful period of legislative work. It is to this, and not by any means to a dissolution, that the members of the Government are now looking forward.

CLAUSE 19.

THE Tories were not, perhaps, altogether mistaken in considering Clause 19 one of the most important clauses in the Local Government Bill. But if they agreed with what their own Government proposed in 1888 they should not have differed so completely from the present Government as they seemed to do in debate. It may be well to state briefly (1), what is the present constitution of boards of guardians and sanitary authorities; (2), what the late Government proposed to do; and (3), what the present Government will do.

Each board of guardians is composed of the county justices resident in the union, and of guardians elected by the constituent parishes. The elected members must have a rating qualification, now reduced to £5. They are elected annually, not by ballot, but by signed voting papers. The electors are the owners and ratepayers within the parish, and, inasmuch as the occupiers of small tenements—for the rates of which the owners compound—are entitled to vote, the franchise cannot be called narrow. But large ratepayers have several votes, at the rate of one vote for every £50 rating up to six votes. And non-resident owners may vote by proxy—a luxury for the lazy citizen which has been abandoned even by the House of Lords. Hence, in effect, the elected guardians in rural parishes are all farmers, and the ex-officio guardians all landlords. The boards represent a fairly homogeneous body of opinion and interest, all on one side. The bodies so constituted, with a few exceptions, are responsible for the administration of the Poor Law, the assessment for all local rates, the registration of births and deaths, and the enforcement of vaccination. They are also responsible for the enforcement of school attendance in places having no school boards and not being municipal boroughs. In addition to these important duties, the rural members of boards of guardians have to enforce the Public Health Acts in rural places. In boroughs, and in the districts which have been constituted

urban sanitary districts, the town councils or local boards are the sanitary authorities. In some cases the boundaries of the union are wholly included in urban sanitary districts, and the guardians have then no sanitary duties to perform. But in most cases the union is partly rural, and in those cases, after the Poor Law business has been disposed of, the ex-officio guardians resident in the rural places, or qualified for election in rural parishes, and the elected guardians representing parishes which are wholly or partly rural, remain to do the sanitary business of the rural part of the union. The urban guardians, in other words, are “in-and-out” members; but however it might be in the House of Commons, the in-and-out plan works fairly well.

All parties agreed—or, at least, all parties seemed to be agreed—that some alteration of the present system is necessary. Mr. Ritchie, in the clauses of his Local Government Bill, which he had to abandon through lack of time, proposed to meet the difficulty by taking away the sanitary business from boards of guardians in rural, as well as urban, places. He would have set up district councils elected for the rural portion of each union on a popular suffrage—a suffrage, indeed, which, inasmuch as it excluded the non-resident owner, may be said to be more popular than Mr. Fowler’s. His district council would have included a sort of miniature alderman, chosen like the aldermen of a borough; but the alderman, after all, is only a trifle. So far as their constitution was concerned, Mr. Ritchie’s district councils were good enough. The objection to them was that they would have had too little to do to attract members to a distant market town at frequent intervals. The Poor Law business, the valuation assessments, the vaccination, and the school attendance business, were to be left to the landlords and farmers who compose the boards of guardians. The new body, with all the paraphernalia of separate elections and separate officials, was to transact merely the sanitary business. Now, while we do not question the importance of sanitation in the country districts, the number of plans to be approved for new houses and new streets can never be very large. What sanitary work there is is closely connected with poor relief; and, indeed, Mr. Ritchie admitted the insufficiency of the merely sanitary work by giving to the district council a great deal of business which can be better done by the parish council, and the opposition excited by that aspect of his scheme had a good deal to say to the abandonment of the district council clauses in the Bill of 1888.

Mr. Fowler, on the other hand, began at the beginning, as all good reformers should. He has started parish councils, and he has given them all the duties which they can conveniently perform. The residuum of business left between the parish council and the county council was not enough for a separate body. Important business it certainly is, but it is not regular and constant as it is in towns. Its very occasional importance increased the danger of giving it to bodies which could only command a casual and intermittent attendance. For obvious reasons of convenience, therefore, and quite apart from all arguments of a social or political kind, he was forced to leave the rural sanitary business to the rural Poor Law boards, or, to be more accurate, to the rural members of the Poor Law boards. But he could not leave it to unreformed Poor Law boards. If he had come forward with so retrograde a proposition, all Mr. Ritchie’s colleagues would have justly denounced him as a reactionary. Being forced, for administrative reasons, to leave the rural sanitary business to boards of guardians, he was equally forced, by political reasons, to reform the boards of guardians.

But though we think Mr. Fowler could not well have done otherwise, we are not disposed to minimise the effect of what he is doing. The *ex-officio* guardian is to disappear, and the county justice is to be left to look after his poachers. The plural vote is to disappear. The voting by open papers is to be superseded by voting by ballot. The last relic of the property qualification is to go. The register of electors is to be the same as for the parish council. The labourer may have a body composed largely of his fellows to look after his old age as well as to look after his drains. It would be too much to call this change a revolution. We do not have revolutions in England, and the change of monarch which we call a revolution would not have been called a revolution anywhere else. But it will be a very great change. It will operate gradually. At first few labourers will be able to afford the expense and loss of time involved in going to a meeting in the market town once a week or once a fortnight. Fifty years after the Municipal Corporations Act there were not a dozen working-men on town councils, and those who have been elected as councillors have generally first won pre-eminence as leaders of trade organisations, which have made little progress among the agricultural labourers. The visions which timid people conjure up of a legalised *Jacquerie* are merely absurd. But the labourers will be able to choose, from among the residents in their parish who can afford to go, those who are best inclined towards them. There will be a little more human sympathy in the administration of the Poor Law, though not necessarily on that account more waste. Poor Law expenditure, it must be remembered, is mainly spread over the whole union, and the representatives of other parishes would object if one parish made inordinate claims. Acting within the limitations imposed by reasonable prudence, the new Poor Law boards may save us from any wild scheme of universal pensions for many years to come. Mr. Fowler, in fact, has been impelled by administrative reasons to make a great social reform. And for not leaving the unreformed Poor Law boards as oases of abuse in a desert of popular government, the Tories have punished him by bringing up on one clause five pages of amendments and immeasurable torrents of talk.

We have not dealt with the argument that the Government is estopped from reforming the boards of guardians because the late Government appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into the methods of Poor Law administration. It would be as reasonable to say that they had no right to pass an Employers' Liability Bill because the late Government appointed a Royal Commission on Labour. If such a doctrine were admitted, an expiring Tory Government might always hand down its own sterility to its successors by appointing in its last moments Royal Commissions to inquire into everything.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

ON Saturday last the directors of the Manchester Ship Canal inspected it throughout its whole course, and they hope on New Year's Day to open it for traffic. Whether the canal will benefit Manchester trade as much as its promoters hope remains to be seen; but in any event the perseverance, energy, and courage with which it has been completed are highly creditable to the people of the district, and prove that they have lost none of the great business qualities which have made Manchester what she is. For a long time the construction of a canal which should make

Manchester a seaport had been discussed in the Press; but nothing practical was done until June, 1882, when Mr. Adamson, of Didsbury, invited a meeting of the mayors of Manchester and the principal surrounding towns, and of the leading capitalists of the district. The meeting appointed a committee to inquire into the feasibility of the project, and subscribed enough money to defray the preliminary expenses. At a subsequent meeting the report of Mr. Leader Williams, one of the engineers employed, which recommended a tidal canal up to a certain point, and a canal with locks thence to Manchester, was adopted, and £100,000 was subscribed to get the necessary powers from Parliament. In 1883 and 1884 the Bills promoted were thrown out by the committees to which they were referred. In 1885 the Bill, greatly changed by the House of Commons Committee, was at length approved. The enterprise naturally was strongly opposed by Liverpool and by the railway companies, and there was much doubt in the public mind generally whether the canal could, in fact, be constructed, and, even if it could, whether it would ever pay. There was not a little difficulty, therefore, in raising the necessary capital. But the enthusiasm and determination of Manchester finally prevailed; the money was found; the construction of the canal was begun; and, as already said, in spite of all obstacles the work has been completed.

The original estimate was that the construction of the canal would cost somewhat less than 5½ millions. But as time went on the estimate had again and again to be enlarged. This was due to many circumstances. In the first place, the change in the plan insisted upon by Parliament made the undertaking much more costly than it otherwise would have been. In the second place, the Canal Company had to pay nearly a million and three-quarters for the Bridgewater Canal—a purchase not originally contemplated. In the third place, the purchase of land and the constructions necessary to meet the demands of the railway companies, the nature of the bed of the canal, and other circumstances, added very greatly to the outlay. And, lastly, it was determined to pay interest upon the capital subscribed during construction. The principle of such payment is altogether objectionable; but perhaps the money could never have been found if the payment of interest had not been promised. At all events, the company undertook to pay interest, and it thereby added very heavily to the cost. At the end of 1890 somewhat over 9 millions had been expended, and then the directors of the Canal Company had to apply to the Corporation of Manchester for assistance. The Corporation sought power from Parliament to lend 3 millions upon 4½ per cent. debentures; the power was given, and the money was advanced. Even that sum, however, was not enough, and in the course of the present year power had to be taken by the Manchester Corporation to lend another 2 millions. It is not possible to state accurately the total outlay up to the present moment, but it cannot be much short of 15 millions. The capital consists of 4 millions in ordinary shares and 4 millions in 5 per cent. preference shares, making together 8 millions. Then there are about 2½ millions of first and second debentures entitled to 4 per cent. interest, and beyond these are the 5 millions of second debentures, bearing 4½ per cent. interest, lent by the Corporation of Manchester. The total capital, therefore—share and loan—amounts to very nearly 15½ millions, of which, as already said, about a million and three-quarters has been paid for the Bridgewater Canal. Besides the Ship Canal proper, there are large docks

at Manchester and at Warrington; and as Parliament insisted that from Runcorn to Eastham the canal should be diverted from the river inland, much land had to be bought. But it is to be presumed that the land not actually needed can either be sold at a profit or can be let for business purposes.

The promoters of the canal hope, firstly, that the cost of conveying goods of all kinds to Manchester will be greatly reduced; secondly, that Manchester will become the great emporium, or central market, for the vast manufacturing district of which it is the metropolis; and, thirdly, that new industries of various kinds, especially ship-building, will spring up along the canal. The directors say that ocean freights to Manchester will be the same as to Liverpool, and that canal rates will be fully 50 per cent. less than the railway charges. As a matter of course, however, the railway companies will reduce their charges; and it is to be expected, therefore, that there will be a fierce war of rates for some time to come. A mere trading concern might compromise. But it is to be recollected that the Corporation practically owns the Canal Company. Its representatives on the board can decide what they please. The fight, therefore, must be very protracted and very costly before Manchester surrenders. But it is always difficult to divert traffic from established routes, and there is no reason to suppose that Liverpool is inferior to Manchester in enterprise or energy or perseverance. However this may be, the question remains, Will the canal pay its proprietors? As already said, the cost of the canal may be set down in round figures at about 15 millions, of which 8 millions are share capital and 7 millions in debentures. After the working expenses of all kinds are defrayed, there must be a net profit of half a million to cover interest and to yield a dividend on the preference capital. Only when all that is done can the ordinary shareholders hope for anything.

FINANCE.

DURING the week immediately before Christmas business is usually very quiet. This year it is exceptionally so, because of the Trust crisis, the difficulties of so many foreign countries, and the losses of the past three years. The belief is very general that the Trust crisis is now nearly over, that, in fact, the worst concerning it is known. But for all that, the report of the Committee of Investigation on the affairs of the Industrial and General Trust, which was issued on Wednesday evening, has made a very bad impression. A few weeks ago the directors proposed a scheme of reconstruction, in which they stated that out of total assets of a nominal value of about 3½ millions, the losses amounted to not very much over £800,000. The Committee says that the losses exceed £1,600,000, or about twice the estimate of the directors. The directors further propose to write down the capital by nearly a million. The Committee proposes to write it down to £833,000, or just one-third of its nominal amount, which is 2½ millions. They make various other suggestions, but these are the most serious, except that they add that about £60,000 had been lent to directors. The loans to the directors are being quietly repaid, and it is now estimated that not much more than £5,000 of the amount will be lost. The document is altogether very damaging, and it makes more probable than ever a searching inquiry into the affairs of the other Trusts, while it proves the need for radical measures to put them upon a safe basis. Meanwhile there is undoubtedly a better feeling in the City. Upon the Continent business is very stagnant everywhere. The Greek Government is apparently about to break faith with its creditors in a flagrant manner. Protests have been entered by the British,

French, German, and other creditors, and it is possible that M. Tricoups may be induced to reconsider his plans. But he is known to be in urgent need of money. He cannot borrow in London, while a French syndicate is offering him assistance if he will transfer to it revenues already pledged to the bondholders. Nothing material has been done in the way of lending money to Spain; and the hopes of the Crispi Ministry in Italy are not as strong as they were. The Secretary of the United States Treasury estimates the deficit in the current financial year at somewhat over 5½ millions sterling, and he fears that there will be a deficit also next year. He recommends Congress, therefore, to empower him to borrow as much as 40 millions sterling at a low rate of interest—say 3 per cent.—the loan, however, to be repayable after a year, or, at all events, after a very short term. He hopes that the money can be obtained at home without difficulty. Altogether the report seems to have made a very good impression in the United States.

The City is much exercised over the causes that are leading to such unexpectedly large imports of silver into India. Some fear that the native mints are coining on a very large scale. Others allege that the Indian officials were altogether mistaken as to the consumption of silver in the arts, and that practically the whole of the immense imports of the last thirty years were made not for additions to the currency, but mainly for use in the arts, and especially for personal ornament. Others, again, think that the whole business is speculative; that the natives do not believe that the experiment being tried by the Government will succeed; that, therefore, either the mints will have to be re-opened very soon, or that a heavy duty will have to be imposed upon silver. In either case they are looking for a rise in the price of the metal, and they are importing beforehand in the hope of making handsome profits. Whatever the real explanation is, the imports are surprisingly large. The price of the metal for a couple of weeks was as low as 32d. per ounce; this week it has fluctuated at about 32½d. per ounce. The India Council again failed to sell any of its bills or telegraphic transfers on Wednesday; it offered as usual 50 lakhs. The Bank of England has lent a considerable amount during the week to the open market at 3½ per cent., and in the outside market the demand was so strong that 3¼ per cent. was freely paid. The discount quotation is, however, much lower.

SPIES.

THE trial and sentencing of two French officers as spies by a German court was a singular and in several ways a very suggestive incident. They were not common spies of the skulker order—they were naval officers of good standing and considerable promise. Their very enterprise marks them as no ordinary men. It was an enterprise prompted by professional ambition and patriotic zeal, and it was carried out up to the point of capture with admirable skill. These officers had learned that the information in possession of the French Admiralty regarding the German coast fortifications was imperfect in certain particulars, and they resolved to make good the deficiency. It was a case of risking their liberty, perhaps their whole future, and they took the risk, making their superior officers cognisant of their design. They chartered a yacht—it would appear that their superior officers helped them with some money for the purpose—and, in the character of tourists, entered the German harbours and made their observations and put them down in maps, plans, drawings, and so forth, until one day a customs officer came on board and they were caught. When indicted before the court at Kiel they admitted their offence, and they were sentenced to five years' detention in a fortress. This is described as treating them with "praiseworthy consideration," for the sentence is

a light one for a spy. They might have been imprisoned for life. There is even talk of the Emperor pardoning them after a brief detention—whether in admiration of their patriotic enterprise and as an incentive to the growth of a similar spirit amongst his own officers, or as a graceful overture of conciliation towards an implacable enemy, is not stated. The French press has maintained “a dignified silence” throughout the incident, and the Paris correspondent of the *Times* considers it satisfactory that “in so melancholy an affair the judges, the defendants, and their compatriots have preserved an attitude which does honour to our time and the good sense and good taste of modern civilisation.”

This is an odd jumble of sentiments—admiration for the clemency of judges who have sentenced men to six years’ confinement, admiration for the “honour” of men who deserved such a sentence, admiration for their friends who said nothing in condemnation of the admirable judges; but it is characteristic of the somewhat confused morality according to which the spy has generally been regarded by history. In war time the spy is shot, or even hanged, as soon as he is discovered. He is given no grace. His offence has put him outside the pale of ordinary soldierhood, and indeed it is looked upon as a sneaking and treacherous offence: he has practised deceit pretending to be what he was not, has wormed himself amongst the men winning their confidence, and all the time he was only preparing to sell them to the enemy. He dies under a stigma of something like disgrace. But the spy, thus regarded by the enemy whom he deceives, is often honoured as a national hero by his own side, or, like Major Andre, is even buried in Westminster Abbey. If a spy’s offence be as honourable as this, why is he not treated like any other prisoner of war, and simply sent to safe-keeping where he cannot make any use of his information? He is a liar, of course, to begin with, and lying is discreditable to a soldier, especially to an officer and a gentleman. But is not the whole of strategy based on deceit, and is not spying amongst the rules of the game like any other? War being entirely conducted on the utilitarian theory of morals, lying takes a high place as a virtue amongst its ethics. The “Young British Soldier” has the principle of the matter laid down for him with unfaltering directness by Lord Wolseley in the famous “Pocket Book”: “As a nation we are bred up to feel it a disgrace even to succeed by falsehood; the word spy conveys something as repulsive as slave; we will keep hammering along with the conviction that ‘honesty is the best policy,’ and that truth always wins in the long run. These pretty little sentences do well for a child’s copy-book, but the man who acts upon them in war had better sheathe his sword for ever.” This is a shocking statement, but the fact remains, and that Britons are able to glory in the exploits of the spy as well as other people is attested by the walls of the Abbey. Of course, the spy is not always an honourable man, even according to Lord Wolseley’s code. The common run of spy is a species of camp follower who plies his trade for pay, and it is not always clear whether he is not lying to both sides and selling information to both sides. A double-acting spy of this kind was discovered by Napoleon at Lobau. Napoleon, in one of his soft moods, reprieved the man, but he was not confiding enough to let him, as the spy in his gratitude offered, go back to the Austrian camp and bring back again to Lobau a full tale of revelations. It is perhaps the risk of disgrace, the equivocal position, as well as the danger, which give the element of romance to the spy’s career and make him so favourite a hero of sensational fiction. We remember reading a war-story recently in an American magazine in which the position of the hero, a spy, was particularly equivocal. He joined the ranks of the enemy and fought in them, leaving his friends (with the exception of one high superior

officer) under the impression that he had deserted, and in order to have access to his friends for the purpose of conveying them his information he pretended to act as a spy for the enemy, to whom he brought back stories which led them into disaster. He got into misunderstandings all round, as may be imagined, especially with his lover, a patriotic heroine, and it was extremely hard, even for that ingenious young lady, to unravel him in the end.

The spy has played a specially prominent part in American military history, and it is only a few weeks since a statue to one of the profession was unveiled in New York, in front of the City Hall. The hero of this tribute was Nathan Hale, “the patriot spy of the Revolution.” Hale, a Yale graduate, was captain in Washington’s army when, after the battle of Long Island, the general found it necessary to obtain more knowledge than he had respecting the disposition and movements of the British forces. Hale was only twenty, but he volunteered to get the information, and persisted in his offer against the dissuasion of parents and fellow-officers. He went disguised as a teacher, and got into all the camps around New York, preparing elaborate drawings and memoranda. He was captured, however, as he was about to return, and General Howe had him hanged the next morning. The legend has it that he was refused a Bible or a chaplain, and the letters he had written to his family were torn up before his eyes by the provost-marshal, “so that the rebels should never know they had a man who could die with so much firmness.” Some years ago, a liberal-minded American, Mr. Cyrus Field, endeavoured to get the memory of Major Andre honoured in the country he deceived as well as in the country he served; and at his own expense he had a monument, for which Dean Stanley wrote an inscription, erected to Andre at Tappan, the scene of his execution. This proved too much for the feelings of an Irish-American printer, who defaced Dean Stanley’s inscription with a hammer. Apparently it was a rather premature draft on American magnanimity likewise, for no jury could be found to convict the printer of anything unpatriotic; and a couple of years later the monument was blown sky-high, and nobody suggested that it ought to be replaced.

Of course, there is a broad distinction between the spy and the traitor, as the different esteem in which Andre and his friend Benedict Arnold are held by both Americans and English strikingly illustrates. The traitor betrays his country to the enemy; the spy takes his life into his hands in order that he may betray the enemy to his country. The traitor deceives his friends, the spy only deceives his country’s enemies. Major Le Caron proudly claimed to be a patriot on the latter ground. But between the two extremes there is a good deal of doubtful ground in which we should like to see the military moralists arranging their definitions. A man may flad himself in the ranks of one side in a war while his real sympathies are with the other. He resolves to stay on and fight with that side, acquiring as much influence and obtaining as much information as possible, and then at a critical moment to desert or otherwise betray his companions in arms. This is not an uncommon case in military history. Is such a man to rank as a traitor or a spy? And how will you classify that arch-deceiver the crafty Sinon, who worked upon the sympathy and the hospitality of the Trojans, and persuaded them to admit the wooden horse of their destruction within their walls? He was neither a spy nor a traitor in the ordinary sense, and yet he was a little of both. Spying, lying, and deceit, indeed, seem at all times and everywhere to be among the fundamentals of skilful warfare, and to be held in veneration accordingly by the military mind. We have seen the point raised that this is only true in respect of actual war. In war men go forth for the express purpose of destroying each other, and they shift their morals deliberately and of necessity upon the stark utilitarian basis. But it is different in peace: in peace, spying and the like is most improper, and

should not be allowed. This is an ingenuous plea which, we fear, has but little relation to facts. Things are just as bad in this respect in peace. It may fairly be said that all the great civilised governments of the world in peace are constantly engaged, not only in spying upon each other, but in stealing and robbing information from each other—bribing each other's officials to betray departmental secrets, to purloin confidential documents, to obtain models of new rifles, formulas of new explosives, plans of new battle-ships, and so on, and so on. This sort of corruption, indeed, discreetly carried on, is part of the irregular, but well-understood, duty of military attachés. If the attaché is found out he gets into trouble, of course; but that is in the day's work. It was only the other day an American military attaché at Paris was removed for operations of this kind at the expense of the French Government. In peace or war, to find the nice point at which "honour" comes in in these transactions amongst military men would lead one upon a somewhat intricate pursuit. The civilian mind is rather inclined to retire baffled from the search, and to conclude with Falstaff, that (here at least) honour was the exclusive possession of him that died o' Wednesday.

THE JEALOUSY OF MR. PEPYS.

THE chief interest in the third volume of the new edition of Pepys's Diary (London: George Bell & Sons) is to be found in the tale of the diarist's private life and domestic circumstances; above all, the tale of his falling out with Mrs. Pepys under the influence of the green-eyed monster. Samuel was a man much given to causing jealousy in others, and if worthy Mrs. Pepys had only been able to master the secret of his cipher, she would have known full well that there was more than sufficient reason for her occasional suspicions of his fidelity. But, whether she knew or not, she at last succeeded in turning the tables upon her husband, and the story of his great jealousy and grief is for the first time printed at full length in the volume now before us. As a human document it has special value, and even today Sir Francis Jeune, dealing with the evidence here provided, might have some difficulty in deciding whether, in the case of *Pepys v. Pepys and Pembleton*, the petitioner was or was not entitled to a decree *nisi*. It all began, as such things generally do, in a quarrel between the married couple, which occurred on the night of January 9th, 1663. Mrs. Pepys complained of the loneliness of her life, and of the need she had for some suitable companion during those long hours of the day in which her husband was engaged in more important business than attending to her pleasures. The quarrel waxed hot, and finally the lady, bringing forth a bundle of papers, pulls out one and insists upon reading it to her angry spouse. It was a statement of her grievances, which Pepys admits to have been not only piquant, but most of it true. It was the truth which angered him, and he ordered her to tear the document up.

"When she desired to be excused it, I forced it from her, and tore it, and withal took her other bundle of papers from her, and leapt out of the bed, and, in my shirt, clapped them into the pocket of my breeches, that she might not get them from me: and having got on my stockings and breeches and gown, I pulled them out one by one, and tore them all before her face, though it went against my heart to do it . . . and so went out to my office troubled in mind."

After this, there was coolness for a space between the once happy couple; but having admitted with his usual impartial justice that there was much truth in his wife's complaint, Pepys resolved to gratify her desire for a companion of her own sex. Accordingly Miss Mary Ashwell, the youthful daughter of a friend, was engaged to fill this honourable office, and on March 12th she came,

Pepys speedily finding her so entertaining a companion that he now willingly stayed at home at times when formerly he was wont to go abroad. Mary, in addition to her other charms, was an admirable dancer, and in this respect she excelled her mistress so greatly that the latter, resolved not to be outdone, engaged one Pembleton, a dancing-master, to teach her for a month or two. For a season all went well. Pepys went up occasionally "to see my wife and her dancing-master at it, and I think, after all, she will do pretty well at it." A little later, he was so well satisfied with the progress of Mrs. Pepys that he resolved himself to become a pupil of the ingenious Pembleton. This was on the 4th of May; but in little more than a week his mood began to change. "Dined at noon at home," he notes on May 12th; "where a little angry with my wife for minding nothing now but the dancing-master, having him come twice a day, which is a folly." He was made still more angry the next day, when, taking his usual lesson with his wife in the dancing-master's presence, he was surprised to find that the meek creature had suddenly developed a spirit of her own, and refused to allow him to chide her for her blunders before Mr. Pembleton. Four days later the storm burst.

"—and so, well pleased, home, where I found it almost night, and my wife and the dancing-master alone above, not dancing, but talking. Now so deadly full of jealousy I am, that my heart and head did so cast about and fret that I could not do any business possibly, but went out to my office, and anon late home again and ready to chide at everything, and then suddenly to bed, and could hardly sleep, yet durst not say anything; but was forced to say that I had bad news from the Duke concerning Tom Hater, as an excuse to my wife, who by my folly has too much opportunity given her with the man, who is a pretty neat black man, but married. But it is deadly folly and plague that I bring upon myself to be so jealous, and by giving myself such an occasion, more than my wife desired, of giving her another month's dancing, which, however shall be ended as soon as I can possibly. . . . May 16th.—Up, with my mind disturbed, and with my last night's doubts upon me, for which I deserve to be beaten, if not really served as I am fearful of being, especially as God knows that I do not find honesty enough in my own mind but that upon a small temptation I could be false to her, and therefore ought not to expect more justice from her, but God pardon both my sin and my folly herein. . . . After dinner comes Pembleton, and I being out of humour would not see him, pretending business; but, Lord! with what jealousy did I walk up and down my chamber listening to hear whether they danced or no, which they did, notwithstanding I afterwards knew, and did then believe, that Ashwell was with them. So to my office awhile, and my jealousy still reigning. I went in and, not out of any pleasure, but from that only jealousy, did go up to them to practise. . . . So broke up, and so am gone, my mind in some better ease, resolving to prevent matters for the time to come as much as I can, it being to no purpose to trouble myself for what is past, being occasioned, too, by my own folly."

Mr. Pepys, it will be seen, had caught his hateful complaint thoroughly, and even whilst we recall his own failings, and smile at his philosophic acceptance of "what is past" as being past undoing, it is impossible not to feel sorry for the man in the agony he is evidently enduring. A few days later his "damned jealousy" took fire again, on seeing Pembleton take his wife's hand in play, but he cannot screw up his courage to speak openly to his spouse, who is now beginning to manifest a certain independence which is quite novel in her character, and, as he sadly declares, "finds other sweets besides pleasing of me." It is impossible for the judicial mind to read the faithful record of these days without coming to the conclusion that Mrs. Pepys was, to say the least, in some danger. We cannot, unfortunately, reproduce here the plain statement of the mean tricks to which Pepys resorted in hope of setting at rest his doubts. They will be found duly recorded in the diary itself, though not without a certain sense of shame on the part of the diarist. His tormentor even follows him to church, and over against the gallery "I espied Pembleton, and saw him leer upon my wife all the sermon, I taking no notice of him and my wife upon him, and

I observed she made a curtsey to him upon coming out, without taking notice to me at all of it, which with a consideration of her being desirous these two last Lord's Days to go to church both forenoon and afternoon do really make me suspect something more than ordinary, though I am loath to think the worst." And so the poor wretch found "confirmation strong as Holy Writ" in every trifle; nor was he left without further evidence in support of his fears.

"May 26th.—To my office awhile, and then home, where I found Pembleton, and by many circumstances I am led to conclude that there is something more than ordinary between my wife and him, which do so trouble me that I know not at this very minute that I now write this almost what either I write or am doing, nor how to carry myself to my wife in it, being unwilling to speak of it to her, for making of any breach and other inconveniences, nor let it pass for fear of her continuing to offend me, and the matter grow worse thereby, so that I am grieved at the very heart, but I am very unwise in being so. There dined with me Mr. Creed and Captain Grove, and before dinner I had much discourse in my chamber with Mr. Dean, the builder of Woolwich, about building of ships. But nothing could get the business out of my head, I fearing that this afternoon, by my wife's sending everyone abroad and knowing that I must be at the office, she has appointed him to come. This is my devilish jealousy, which I pray God may be false, but it makes a very hell in my mind, which the God of Heaven remove, or I shall be very unhappy. . . . By and bye, my mind being in great trouble, I went home to see how things were, and there I found, as I doubted, Mr. Pembleton with my wife, and nobody else in the house, which made me almost mad, and going up to my chamber, after a turn or two, I went out again, and called somebody on pretence of business, and left him in my little room at the door. . . . So in great trouble and doubt to the office . . . and made a quick end of our business, and desired leave to be gone, pretending to go to the Temple, but it was home, and so up to my chamber. . . . I continued in my chamber vexed and angry till he went away, pretending aloud, that I might hear, that he could not stay, and Mrs. Ashwell not being within, they could not dance."

Unfortunate Mr. Pepys! The unimpassioned reader, perusing these confessions, two centuries after they were written, will hardly be able to resist the conclusion that, after all, he had more than a little to complain of, at this period of his married life. Mrs. Pepys was a pretty woman, who in her early days had been sorely put upon by her selfish and unprincipled spouse, but it must be admitted that she now had her revenge, in the tortures which, rightly or wrongly, her conduct caused him. Of course, after such a scene as that just described, there was bound to be a storm. It broke forth in the middle of the following night, when Pepys "had it out" with his wife. He seems to have been only too willing to be appeased, and expressed his readiness to acquit her of more than indiscretion. Yet the shrewd modern reader will hardly think that the behaviour of Mrs. Pepys on the following morning tended to fortify her oft-repeated assertions of innocence. She was in a "musty humour," her husband tells us, and when Pembleton arrived, to continue those fatal dancing-lessons, refused to admit him to the house because her husband was not there, regardless of the fact that Mary Ashwell was, and could consequently have played propriety in Pepys's place. However, all is well that ends well. There was trouble for some time afterwards in the household of the Secretary to the Admiralty, but there was no open scandal, and no divorce case. By-and-by, indeed, Pepys notes with satisfaction that when his wife meets Pembleton in church, she passes him with an indifferent and, apparently, an unseeing eye. So peace returned to the domestic hearth. But there were no more dancing-lessons.

"IRISH IDEAS."

A LITTLE volume of essays and addresses, by Mr. William O'Brien, which has just been published under the title of "Irish Ideas" (Longmans) is fresh evidence of a fact we have noted already more than

once. It is that the treatment of the Irish problem has for some time been passing into a new stage, a stage in which the critical spirit, as distinguished from the controversial, is predominant. The controversy *qua* controversy is really over. Practical men have made up their minds upon its few vital issues: that the system of government applied to Ireland for the past century has been a failure, and a failure of such a kind that a totally new system must be tried; that, of the alternative new systems, there are only two of genuine potential efficiency—government as a Crown Colony, and Home Rule; and that, England being a democracy, the former of these two is out of the question. With this much settled, there has come an inevitable cooling and balancing of minds. Men on all sides are showing a more sober anxiety to get at a right understanding of this baffling problem which for seven hundred years has been making a mock of the genius of an Imperial race; to go deeper into its realities, beneath the confusing and elusive phenomena of Irish politics which have but too well served the purpose of that devil who, as the late Mr. Russell Lowell remarked—a remark, by the way, which it is not without its suggestiveness to note was quoted by Mr. Morley on a recent occasion—seems always to have had his finger in the Irish pie. Opponents are beginning to recognise some illumination in each other's points of view. "Fervid conviction," and a realisation "of one's own point of view so intensely that it became difficult to imagine any other," were, according to Mr. O'Brien, qualities characteristic of the Irish politician previous to the present period. This, the partisan or fighter's frame of mind, is being tempered and broadened into something more akin to the statesman's.

One result of the process is, no doubt, a certain loss of combative momentum to the Irish cause, which may or may not be premature—the sequel will tell that—but which is certainly a great gain for knowledge; and which, moreover, seems to be balanced by a corresponding loss of combative momentum to the opposition. It is much gained for reason and light when men come to understand that truth, even the truth about a special matter such as human society, whether it be in Ireland or Crim-Tartary, is an extensive and complex matter, not generally to be grasped all at once by a single eye, and that each sincere person may see an aspect of it from his standpoint which is not the less the truth, and not the less relevant, because it is not visible to another viewing the mass from a different coign of vantage. We see extreme Nationalists putting themselves in the place of Imperialists; we see Englishmen realising the *rationale* of Irish revolution; it is even known that many of the loyal minority are coming to perceive the advantages of life in Ireland under Home Rule, and there are Southern Catholics, one of the strongest elements of whose hope for the future is the help they expect the Irish Parliament will receive from the gritty and businesslike Protestants of the North. We wish we could say we saw Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites admitting any good in each other, but that will probably come in time; that wound is too fresh to have yet ceased to be sore. In its own way, too, that internal controversy has probably helped the general turning up of truth; Irish Nationalists in the course of it have certainly left nothing more to be discovered about themselves—and surely there are few political parties in history who could have undergone a similar splitting to the roots with so little serious unsoundness coming to view. All around there is less fear of the truth and less shrinking from it. Perhaps there is less self-confidence, but, if there be, there is more genuine fortitude and a mood more rational and enlightened—a mood more in consonance with the open but somewhat disconcerted and chastened spirit of our age, when all the dogmatisms have received some rebuff, when Professor Huxley has begun to talk of the inadequacy of science, and Oxford and St. Andrews are

undertaking a new discovery of witches and warlocks. The Irish question is now in a medium of dry light from which it cannot again relapse; unless, indeed, some untoward cataclysm should occur to cast us back into the dark welter of secular passions which are almost, but not quite, extinguished: a cataclysm which, for example, a European war into which England might be drawn too soon, drawn before this question was satisfactorily settled, would bring within the bounds of possibility.

Perhaps the spirit of Mr. William O'Brien's little book may be gauged from these reflections which it suggests. Like Mr. Barry O'Brien's recent straightforward and admirably unreserved edition of "Wolfe Tone," which was likewise an illustration of the tendency to which we refer, its dominant note is its frankness, its fearless invitation of criticism upon aspects of the Irish question which Englishmen have generally preferred not to understand or have seldom been able to study without misunderstanding. The book, in effect, as Mr. O'Brien himself puts it, "admits the stranger to the inner sanctuary of the Irish cause." Many of the papers are old, but in this consists their peculiarity. With the exception of four which appeared in THE SPEAKER and two in the monthly magazines, they are addresses delivered to audiences of young Irishmen, some at a period when the Home Rule understanding with an English party was not ratified and did not even seem possible. It is the first time they have been given openly to the English public. So far as the English public was concerned, these addresses amongst Irish Nationalists were as intimate and esoteric in their way as the mysteries of the early Christians in the catacombs before a converted Constantine made their doctrines free of the Roman world. They were the unrestrained outpourings of an ardent and extreme Nationalist before youthful audiences, "the most hot-blooded, perhaps, to be found in the island, and assuredly the least capable of listening without protest to doctrines they did not fully share." They are republished here "without any even verbal alteration." Yet what will strike English readers most about these utterances is the completeness with which, as Mr. O'Brien claims in his preface, "the passionate national aspirations of the days before Mr. Gladstone's policy was promulgated have come to harmonise with sentiments of kinship with the British people without losing anything of their own native tenderness and enchantment for young Irishmen." It is an effective way of meeting the familiar Unionist taunt that Irish representatives address meetings in Ireland in language which they dare not bring under the eyes of Englishmen.

But the book is a good deal more than this. It is a most suggestive little volume, which, touching upon many of its historical and literary ideas, ranges widely over the field of Irish patriotic sentiment. It is a most convenient means of obtaining a rapid insight into the sentimental side of the Irish demand. With the material side Englishmen are familiar enough. They can understand the inconveniences and injustices of a Dublin Castle government propping up a fossilised ascendancy and a broken-down feudal land system. But sentimental patriotism puzzles them. Many don't believe in it at all. The position of all Unionists is that if you settle the land question, so as to keep the stomachs of the farmers filled, and thin out the congested districts by emigration, you will hear no more of the national sentiment—that being an invention of the politicians. Such reasoners are like the critics of Cromwell who so excited Carlyle's indignation—who saw only heats and jealousies, mere crabbed whims and crotchets, in the motives which induced slow, sober, quiet Englishmen to lay down their ploughs and their work, and rush into civil war. Reasoning about the Irish demand while denying the potency of its sentimental side is indeed Scepticism writing about Belief, "Blindness laying down the Laws of Optics." Mr. O'Brien hopes—and we think fairly hopes—that his book

may help outsiders to understand "that the passion of Irish Nationality is at least so genuine that it is of more importance than all the other elements of the Irish problem put together; that it regards arguments drawn from material success as of inferior force in the affairs of nations, and is capable of throwing material advantages to the winds altogether when they are only to be purchased at the sacrifice of national traditions and aspirations."

No one who desires to realise the Irish question can afford to neglect this little book. We are sorry we have not space to refer to its purely literary contents, which are in one sense its most noteworthy feature. We should like to discuss them in connection with that freedom of criticism to which we allude, which has manifested itself in relation to Irish literary as well as political affairs, and of which a recent lecture in Dublin struck us as an interesting specimen. But for this there may be another opportunity. In the meantime, as this is Christmas week, let us mention another new Irish book that must not be overlooked. It is Mr. Standish O'Grady's "Bog of Stars, and other Stories of Elizabethan Ireland," in the "New Irish Library" (Fisher Unwin). Mr. O'Grady's historical bias as it is half perceptible under one or two of these stories may be questionable, but there is no question whatever of his power of revivifying the past and his skill as a literary artist. A more thrilling set of short historical tales has not appeared for many a day. The book, if not so flawless a gem as the author's "Finn and His Companions," is worthy to go beside it on the bookshelf; and, like that volume, since it is historical, it is not without throwing some light of its own upon the great problem.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ONE would as soon curse the Equator as speak disrespectfully of M. Ferdinand Brunetière. Is he not of the Academy? Has he not just been appointed editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*? Yet is it possible to be both these things and to be a very stodgy writer. Surely there never was a French writer quite so stodgy as M. Brunetière! In vain he writes pure, classical French, the French of Pascal and Boileau; in vain he links paragraph to paragraph with a "que si" or a "tandis que"; in vain he curses the impressionists and all their works, declaring that "le moi est haïssable" and that MM. France and Lemaître are shallow empiricists; with all his erudition and his logic and his sterling common-sense, he remains one of the least engaging and the least readable of French critics. His new volume—the fifth—of "Etudes Critiques sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Française" (Paris: Hachette) is as heavy as the other four. Its mere list of contents oppresses the spirits—"The Reforms of Malherbe," "The Philosophy of Bossuet," "The Criticism of Bayle," "The Formation of the Idea of Progress," "The Essential Character of French Literature." Ouf! *Non omnis fert omnia tellus*; and if, in discussing these high matters, M. Brunetière shows profound scholarship and the power of sustained argument—as he does—why, it is futile to complain that he does not give us at the same time the mundane frivolity of "Gyp" or the sparkling wit of Meilhac and Halévy. Let us pass over Malherbe and Bossuet, whom M. Brunetière admires so strongly and at such tedious length, and come to Bayle, who was not quite as important an author as either of them, but much more amusing. Who has not heard of Bayle's Dictionary? But who has read it? Mr. Birrell, perhaps, who has a perverse fancy for forgotten books; but certainly not Voltaire, who complained that Bayle devotes much space to CÆSARIUS but ignores CÆSAR, whereas, as the inexorably accurate M. Brunetière points out, the Dictionary does not mention CÆSARIUS and has a long article on CÆSAR. M. Brunetière has not only read Bayle's Dictionary, but knows why he wrote it. It was because he was incapable of

co-ordinating his ideas. "I don't know what it is," said Bayle himself, "to meditate regularly about a thing; I wander very readily from my subject: I am just the man to try the patience of any learned person who insists on method and regularity." So Bayle's writings, like Sterne's, are a mere string of digressions. M. Brunetière gives a concrete illustration from the "Pensées sur la Comète." Bayle wishes to prove that the opinions of men do not always furnish their rule of action; and of this he gives seven proofs. The first is taken from "la vie des soldats," whom no religion, he observes, has ever prevented, not only from slaying—which is their very profession—but from rape and pillage. The second proof is taken from the "désordres des croisades"; and, on this head, Bayle asks what is to be thought of the opinion that the principles of the Gospel, faithfully carried out, sap the courage of those who profess them. A third proof is extracted from the "vie des courtisanes"—an excellent occasion for giving way, in passing, to his fancy for obscenities, and as he has recently read, in the book of one Saint-Didier, some amusing anecdotes about the courtesans of Venice, he is careful to reproduce them all! And what is to be said of magicians, sorcerers, and demons? For demons must needs be convinced of the existence of a Deity who has made them what they are. Consider, then, their conduct, and see how little it conforms to their theological beliefs. That is what Bayle calls his fourth proof. A fifth, sixth, and seventh follow—equally quaint, and equally unrelated. But what, asks M. Brunetière plaintively, has become of the comet? What indeed? But then this discontinuous, digressive writing gives promise of being at least amusing reading (one speaks conjecturally, for a mere reviewer must not venture to pretend to have read Bayle for himself); whereas M. Brunetière is never amusing. Trust him for never forgetting the comet! If we must have pedantry, then we prefer the pedantry of Bayle, which displayed itself over trifles of a pleasing puerility, to that of M. Brunetière, which, shown—as it invariably is shown—over matters of weighty import, lacks Bayle's saving grace of humorous incongruity. Thus it would never, we dare swear, have occurred to M. Brunetière to discuss the question, propounded by Bayle, whether the infant Achilles was brought up on the marrow of stags or on that of lions. On this enthralling problem Bayle, it seems, quoted Libanius, Priscian, Apollodorus, Statius, Philostratus, Tertullian, Suidas, Eustathius, Fungerus, Vigenerus, and several other authorities. In the course of the discussion it becomes doubtful whether lions, after all, have any marrow. Elian, Pliny, and Aristotle say no, but Vossius, Franzius, and Borrichius say yes—and Bayle concludes that it is still an open question. There were several other engaging matters to which Bayle devoted an exhaustive analysis: as "whether Luther's wife was a beauty," "whether Calvin married for love," and "whether Aristotle kept a druggist's shop in Athens." Except the walrus, when he thought that the time had come

... "to talk of many things,

As why the sea is boiling hot, and whether pigs have wings,"

there never was such a curious enquirer as Bayle. If only M. Brunetière would borrow some of his cheery curiosity and discursiveness!

The best, because the least laboured and at the same time the most luminous, essay in M. Brunetière's present volume is that on the essential character of French literature—of which, if we remember rightly, a translation was published some months ago in an English review. This essential character, M. Brunetière shows conclusively, is the character of sociability. French is, above everything, a social literature; the Frenchman never writes as an individual, but as a man in society, never separates the expression of his thought from the consideration of the public he is addressing. Of course, like any other generalisation, this does not cover the whole

truth, but, as generalisations go, it serves. It explains, among other things, why French literature is at its best where the collaboration of the public is most needed—*e.g.*, in oratory, the drama, correspondence, "*œuvres moralistes*," and at its worst in lyric poetry. What, among other things, it leaves unexplained is the stodginess of M. Brunetière.

In his new book, "*La Tourmente*" (Paris: Ernest Kolb), M. Paul Margueritte gives us almost as hard reading as M. Brunetière. It is the laborious analysis of the emotions and reflections excited in a neurasthenic husband by the sudden revelation of his wife's infidelity. Despite its unsavoury subject, the book is irreproachable in tone. It makes for righteousness; unfortunately, it also makes for slumber. If you can read it and keep awake, then you will become very melancholy indeed; you will breathe an atmosphere of "insipissated gloom." The world is very wicked, and yet people cannot help their faults, and man is born to suffering as the sparks fly upward, and give me a stool, Master Matthew, to be melancholy upon—that is M. Margueritte's way. It would have been unreasonable, no doubt, to expect boisterous humour in the treatment of such a theme. This particular conjugal misfortune is not exactly matter for mirth, though the author of "*Georges Dandin*" would have had us think otherwise. The new Georges Dandin, here called Jacques Halluys, is a very different sort of person from the old; he is neither "battu" nor "content." In fact, it is his discontent, his "torment," which supplies the subject and the title of the book. The rub in Jacques's case is that he is a morbidly fastidious person, with a horror of "scenes," a sensitive shrinking from "cabotinage." When his wife's fault is first revealed to him, he has an instinctive feeling that he ought to do something. But what? The situation has been so vulgarised by countless novels and plays that he can find no action left for him which would not look like a plagiarism from Daudet or Sardou. He turns with nausea from the footlight view of the business—the woman on her knees, with her hair let loose, and the outraged husband clapping his hat on his head with a "*Quant à votre complice, je le tuerai, madame!*" As for a divorce, with its odious comedy of monsieur taking "*tous les torts*" on his own back in order to save madame's reputation, that has been overdone. There remains forgiveness, and Jacques ultimately forgives; but even that does not bring peace and contentment. It is all very sad and very tiresome. The novel may safely be recommended—as a penance—to erring wives; when they have read it from cover to cover they may fairly be held to have done something towards expiating their offence.

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY.

IF he were alive now, Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge would be, we suppose, about a hundred years old; but the truth is that he was gathered to his fathers at least a generation back. His death made a considerable stir. There was scarcely a pulpit in London that did not wax eloquent over his many virtues; the obituary notices in the newspapers were full of enthusiasm, which was renewed when his will was proved, and when the bequests to charities were set forth in glittering array. His funeral had quite a public character, and conspicuous amongst the mourners were the members of the Cratchit family, notably a pensive young man who walked with a crutch, and was addressed by his friends as "Tim." We need scarcely add that at the grave nothing was said about some episodes in Scrooge's early career, though in many households a certain little volume was taken down from the book-shelves, and read by everybody for what a well-known statistician computed to be, on an average, the five-and-thirtieth time.

If you imagine that this was the end of Mr.

Scrooge's personality, as it was known to his domestic circle, you were never more mistaken in your life. In his latter years the old man had lived with his nephew and niece; and now he was gone his room remained exactly as he had left it. Indeed, it was kept as if there were a constant expectation that he would return, an expectation which, on the succeeding Christmas Eve, rose to the dignity of a certainty.

"Is everything quite ready, my dear?" said the nephew to the niece.

"Quite ready," she replied. "There's a bright fire, and the kettle, and the cribbage-board; and the punch-bowl is there, with the other things," she added smiling, "though I don't see how two ghosts can—"

"Never mind, my dear," interrupted her husband gravely. "That is their own affair, which I have no doubt they will manage to their entire satisfaction."

As the hour of midnight approached there was a singular spectacle in the household. The nephew and niece stood in the hall, accompanied by several younger people, who seemed to be highly excited, and who whispered now and then: "Oh, mother! do you think grandpa will really come?" It was by this name that, in defiance of the tables of affinity, Scrooge had always been called by his nephew's children. The servants were assembled, too, in new ribbons, and there was a brave show of holly and evergreen and mistletoe, which formed an arch at the foot of the stairs.

The last stroke of twelve had not died away when there came a knock at the street-door. The door was opened by the nephew, who said: "Good evening, uncle. A merry Christmas to you."

"The same to you, my boy, and many of 'em," replied a familiar voice with great heartiness. "Come along, Jacob. Here's the whole family drawn up to receive us. What d'ye think, nephew Fred? Jacob thought you would all be frightened to death! Hoity toity! Look at the youngsters. Who's afraid?"

"I'm not, grandpa!" exclaimed the youngest, a little maiden of ten. "But I should like you to kiss me, and as you're a ghost, I don't see how you can!"

At this old Scrooge burst into a shout of laughter, which certainly had nothing unearthly about it, although, while he stood near the hat-stand, the hats and coats seemed to come right through him.

"Not kiss you, little one!" he cried. "That would be a bad bargain, indeed, even for a spirit." And he stooped and kissed her there and then; not only that, but he kissed the niece and all the servants. Never was there such a wondrous kiss. The cook was wont to declare afterwards in exalted moments that it was "just like a breath from 'Eaven!'"

"And now," said Scrooge, "Jacob will make you a little speech before we go upstairs. Go it, Jacob! Be as flowery as you like."

His companion was very different from the picture that you all remember. Marley's head was no longer tied up with a handkerchief. There was no chain of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, and so forth, attached to his middle. His pigtail was positively glossy; his tights and tasselled boots were spick-and-span; he was the sprucest old ghost, all of the olden time, that ever was seen. And there was no "hot vapour" about him, but an air like the perfumes from Araby the blest.

"My friends," he began with stately elocution; "Mr. Scrooge—"

"Ebenezer," interrupted Scrooge.

"Well, Ebenezer has done me a great kindness in introducing me to this happy family on such an—"

"Auspicious occasion," suggested Scrooge.

"Thank you! It does my heart good—"

"He means soul," explained Scrooge confidentially to the nephew.

"To set foot in the house where my old friend spent his happiest years. But that is not all I owe to him. You see me in my—"

"New rig out," said Scrooge.

"Hum! In my new state of grace which makes me no more the habitant of a somewhat sulphureous cellar, but fit to accompany my old partner in such a blessed visit as this, to join with him every Christmas Eve in cementing old associations afresh, and shedding the radiance—"

"That will do, Jacob," said Scrooge. "Your pardon, old friend, but we must make the most of our time, and if the punch—." He paused, with an inquiring look at his nephew, who replied with a wink.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Scrooge. "Up with you, Jacob. We'll drink the health of many a Christmas Eve to come!"

* * * * *

And thus it happens that ever since then the firm of Scrooge and Marley one night every year have sat down to cribbage, and that on the stroke of one o'clock the board is pushed aside, Marley nods to Scrooge, who opens the window, and both assume a watchful and judicial attitude.

Presently there glides into the room a shape so indistinct that Marley and Scrooge, though they are well used to such visitations, rub their eyes, and Jacob declares somewhat testily that he supposes the time has come for a new pair of spectacles.

"What on earth—" begins Ebenezer; "I mean, who in the world of air are you?"

"I am the Spirit of the London Fog," says an injured voice.

"Dear me, is it possible?" says Jacob kindly. "And you were once so robust that nobody could see through you."

"Yes," sobs the Spirit, "and now there isn't a particle of soot in my composition!"

"What has reduced you to this, and at Christmas time?" demands Scrooge in amazement.

"The drought in the Essex Marshes," is the wailing answer. "I thirst—thirst—thirst!" And the dimmest of vapours floats despairingly out of the window.

"London without fog!" exclaims Scrooge. "It's incredible. I'm not sure that it isn't wicked. How is the Christmas story-teller—"

He is interrupted by the entrance of a tall, spare figure, with a keen, dark face, which bears marks of severe contusion. The new-comer, who is very wet, throws himself into a chair and crosses his legs.

"You are speaking of story-tellers, sir," he says to Scrooge. "And you keep your window open. Perhaps you don't know it is only thirty-four feet six and three-quarter inches from the reach of an agile burglar. Why, I have jumped from that height just in the nick of time to save a fair lady from the headsman's uplifted axe. No, I beg your pardon, that happened to someone else in the time of Louis XIV.; but it's the same story-teller."

"And who are you?" asks Jacob.

"The ghost of Sherlock Holmes, at your service; fresh from the boiling flood of a Swiss torrent; though how a man of my acuteness allowed himself to tumble over a precipice in the embrace of a ruffian whom I ought to have nabbed in London, is the greatest mystery of my career. And just as I was devoting myself to chemistry, which would have put me on the track of the Anarchists, and an entirely new and original series of adventures! Gentlemen, I have been made a ghost in a most unprofessional manner!"

"Jacob," says Scrooge, "brew another bowl of punch. This is a matter which must be carefully sifted."

He shuts the window, excluding the Spirit of Vegetarianism, which is heard for some minutes outside vigorously proclaiming its readiness, with the aid of a platform and a glass of water, to demolish the public taste for the prize turkey at the poulterer's round the corner.

THE COMIC SIDE: A RETROSPECT.

EVEN to people who say they hate Christmas because they are expected to look cheerful when they are feeling the reverse, there is plenty of material for laughter in the season—if, that is to say, they have not been denied the sixth (or is it seventh?) sense—the sense of humour. This material may only be of the sort which makes an exceptionally dreary party entertaining next day when there is a chance of talking it over with a fellow-sufferer. No matter: it is a poor heart that never rejoices.

It is not intrinsically amusing to go and wait an hour or more in a fog at a London railway station for the train bringing someone else's little boy, who has to be seen safely across town to some other station, and despatched thence to his home, especially if his luggage is nowhere to be found, and his railway-rug has "blown out" of the window. But during the foggy hour plenty of other late trains come in; and even if one's heart is so stony as not to be touched by the happy meetings between parents and children, one's sense of humour is kept going by the innumerable platform incidents, reminding one vaguely of a harlequinade, which take place all around one. The porter who has to guess for himself which box belongs to which of a group of four little schoolboys, light-hearted and labelless, and all going in different directions; the portly mamma who blocks the way by stooping to give her tiny son a supplementary hug just in front of a heavily-laden truck in motion; the impetuous porter who runs the shafts of his truck right into the arm-holes of an unoffending lady's cloak, and exclaims, "Oh, deeur; oh deeur!" in a voice full of impatient bitterness as she struggles feebly to disentangle herself; they are all really very funny; and when, at last, the 11.30 does come in, at a few minutes to one, the relief creates a spurious joy in the mind of the least enthusiastic, and brings forth a smile of genuine welcome for the excited schoolboy, shouting, "There you are!" with his head and shoulders out of the carriage window, as he recognises in you one more joyful item in a day of rapture, one more step on the road to its glorious climax. His detailed list of all the grub eaten by him and, perhaps, six other emulous friends at the break-up supper the night before, his innocent questions as to where the prize-fighting takes place on Boxing-day (for so he derives the homely designation), and his reckless ignorance on all such subjects as time, money, health, or property, make him a diverting companion for the hour or so passed in his society—given an open mind, and unprejudiced.

Hurry—which, it is true, is almost inseparable from Christmas shopping—is fatal to the proper contemplation of its comic side. If one goes to the Army and Navy Stores with a long list of commissions, and with the distinct object in view of executing them, one is but slightly disposed to watch other people's struggles to do likewise. But to go and spend a couple of hours there in studying poor fussy human nature from much the same detached and philosophical position as that enjoyed by the Dover *flâneur* when the Channel boat comes in, is a different matter. One may stray idly about holding a box of cigarettes by the string just to give oneself a *raison d'être*, and no one will interfere. And if disposed to ask the price of something one does not require and has no thought of buying, one can generally reckon on the ungrudging services of numbers of unoccupied assistants. If a detective who has observed one loitering should suspect one of sinister intentions and bear down upon one, there is nothing to be done but repeat in a clear and guileless tone "1743678" and tender a visiting card—above all things, one should touch nothing on an expedition of this sort. If copy-books would kindly inculcate this principle, they would deserve more gratitude than up to the present they have called forth. "Other people's things should be looked at but not touched" should be the inseparable pendant amongst the proverbs of the

nursery to "Little children should be seen but not heard."

The very fact that for three whole days at Christmas-time one subsists in London, as in a beleaguered city (or, worse, as if one were snowed up), on provisions collected and stored with the care and forethought of the intelligent and busy bee, is not without humour. The thrill of anxiety caused in a quiet household by the news that the turkey has not arrived at five o'clock on Christmas Eve is comic in its emotional intensity, particularly if one happens to dislike the bird oneself. The staleness of the bread on the evening of Boxing Day is an unmitigated trial even to the hardened dyspeptic, and if the cat makes prize of the cold beef before it is quite done with, there is no knowing to what straits the garrison may not be reduced—perhaps to killing the cat. It is a great mistake to sit at home in stately sulks on Boxing Day, sternly determined to hold aloof from the greatest festival of the masses as from a species of Saturnalia. The words "orgy" and "Bacchanalian" do not apply in the very least to what may be seen of the revels if one has the courage to put one's patrician nose outside the street-door. One may even travel by the Underground Railway without being shocked, hustled, or even trampled to death in the crowd. It is true that at one's very own station, with whose every caprice one had fancied oneself conversant, there may be thirty-five minutes to wait for the Wimbledon train, which one had confidently expected to hit off to a second. But it is possible to wait for that period with perfect decorum and a fair chance of a seat, and it is interesting to watch the manners and customs of the surrounding holiday-makers. The unanimity with which 'Arriet and her sisters treat the guards and porters as their lawful spoil is highly edifying. The number of winks and head-tossings and wreathed smiles that fall to the share of a good-looking Inner Circle guard on Bank Holiday must be something astounding, and his admirers do not confine themselves to these speechless attentions. He gets a good deal of their conversation between stations, for there are very few trains which do not carry overflow passengers in the van on Boxing Day; and, when he has snapped to some fifteen doors and deftly swung himself into his own compartment at the last possible moment, he finds it crammed with sirens, swains, babies, buns, baskets, and everything else that pertains to the holiday public, down to the aristocratic interloper who will now begin to wish he had not mingled with the masses, unless, indeed, he is prepared to forget himself and think only of Mr. Albert Chevalier.

Of all the duties connected with Christmas, the hardest to perform is that of accepting the invitations pleasantly, and attending with a cheerful grace the various family gatherings, undiluted by strangers and unleavened by professional talent, which are grouped with tactless care round the hearth or the board of one's relations. Here the lion has got to lie down with the lamb; the rich uncle exposes his pocket to the ruthless family borrower; and King Cophetua his poor beggar-maid to the sneers of his fine kinswomen; the widowed daughter-in-law, privately preparing for the bosom of another family, listens deceitfully to the unseasonable condolences of her late husband's devoted mother, assuring herself the while that she is guarding her Tommy's interests, while Tommy, the happiest of the party at the moment, is pursuing his unbridled career through the bill of fare. On the stroke of half-past ten the entire party rises to its feet like one man, united at last in a burning desire to put through their adieux, get back to their own firesides, and unbend over their own grog, saying aloud in their own immediate circle all the uncharitable things that have been pent up through the long, dreary hours in their own breasts. By next day the party has not only lost its terrors, but has become quite a mine of domestic witticism.

After all, there are among the specialities of the

season only the waits and the bills, which are powerless to appeal to our sense of humour.

THE CHRIST-CHILD AT FIDDLER'S HOLE.

BEHIND Langton Fell, stretching away to the north and east, lies a wild and desolate tract of country. On the western side the railway skirts it, climbing up to a high point among the hills, but beyond that the moor is traversed only by roads little better than cart-tracks. Heather, rock, and marsh follow each other with dreary monotony, and the loneliness and silence are broken only by the plaintive cries of the peewits, or the call of a solitary curlew. Through this waste the waterworks company of one of the large manufacturing towns to the south was carrying a water-course, and, from the top of Langton Fell, a curious mark, like a scarcely-healed scar, could be seen, crossing it in a fantastic zigzag. It was a time contract, and the men were being worked winter and summer when the weather allowed it. The winter of 188— found them camped at Fiddler's Hole, on the further side of Langton Fell, four miles from Langton.

They were a rough lot, and the villagers were somewhat resentful of their neighbourhood. Even the landlady of the "Bell" Inn, where they spent most of their spare time, was heard to say she would "sooner have their room than their company." At the first, things had not promised so badly, for the agent of some Navvies' Missionary Society had followed the camp, when it moved to Fiddler's Hole, and had established a kind of club at Langton, where he encouraged the men to play chess and draughts in the evenings. The Vicar, however, did not look favourably on this institution; it seemed to him that a missionary would be more properly employed in reading prayers to the men than in playing games with them; and as there had been, unfortunately, some breach of etiquette on the part of the society in not asking his permission before their agent settled in Langton, he lodged a formal complaint, and the man was withdrawn. After this the club-room was not much used, though the Vicar went there twice a week himself to hold a service; and the landlady of the "Bell" was kept busy every evening.

On Christmas Eve the last group of men that turned out of the inn at closing-time were a trifle more drunk than usual, as befitted the festive season, and there was some stumbling and swearing when they came to the rough and stony road that branched off towards the fell. Hitherto the weather had been very mild, but as they gained the high ground the wind began to rise in fitful, icy gusts, and there was an ominous gathering of clouds in the north. It was very dark, and near the top of the hill one of the men stumbled and came down on his knees on the road. He felt with his hands to discover what had tripped him up.

"Boots, by the powers!" he exclaimed; and without rising he struck a match and held it to the face of the man who was lying across the road. "'Tis Charley," he said, "which I partly suspicioned. And him lavin' us wid an air of sobriety an hour back! I like a man that can carry his dhrink like a gentleman. Where'd your legs be now, me boy, if I was a milk-cart?" he went on, addressing the sleeper. "Here, boys, we'll put him to bed in the ditch and lave him till mornin'."

"Nay, lad, thàt tha munna," said "Owdham Joe"; "there'll be a lump o' snow by mornin'. Get up, Charley, or s'all I mak' thee?"

"I like a white Christmas myself," said one of the men, as Charley was hoisted to his feet.

"Happen tha likes clearing t' roads to t' station," said Owdham Joe. "Yon's a tidy job."

"Maybe it'll melt before the Gaffer gets back," said the Irishman hopefully, taking one side of Charley while Joe took the other.

They made slow progress up the hill, and it was

close on twelve before they turned into the lane that led down the fell-side to Fiddler's Hole.

"Mother of God!" cried the Irishman suddenly, dropping Charley's arm; "what sound was that?"

The men stopped and listened.

"Happen it's the Christmas chimes at Langton, Pat," said one, after a pause.

"'Twas no chimes I heard," said Pat, solemnly crossing himself. "Holy Jasus, there it is again!" And as he spoke a wailing cry was faintly heard ahead.

"I reckon it's a dog in a trap," said a man whom they called Yankee.

"'Tis a child's cry," said the Irishman. "And how would a human child be on the moors at this time? Boys, do ye mind what night it is?"

The men listened again, vaguely scared. Owdham Joe was the first to recover himself; he swore at Pat for a fool, and set off, dragging Charley with him. A few yards further on, however, he pulled up short with another oath, for from the road before him there rose up a sobbing cry of "Dad! Dad! Dad!"

Joe let go of Charley, who collapsed in a heap, and, stooping down, groped about with his hands. One of the men, who came up at that moment, struck a match, and by its light they saw a little child standing in the middle of the road. Joe was still kneeling with his arms outspread; the child ran into them with a sob of joy, and clung about his neck. Joe staggered to his feet with a bewildered air, and at that moment the bells of Langton Church broke out into a peal.

The sun rose on Christmas morning on a shining world decked with all manner of fantastic wreaths and patterns of drifted snow. Owdham Joe had been right; there was a "tidy lump" of snow between Fiddler's Hole and Langton, and there would be no going to the village until the roads were cut. The night before, after finding the child, they had gone back and forth along the road, calling and searching as well as they could until the matches gave out. At length they gave up the quest as useless, and the belief grew among them that it was by no human agency the child had been left alone in that bleak spot.

"And thim chimes," Pat Finnigan said conclusively, when the matter was discussed; "sure, isn't it proof positive the way thim chimes burst out the very minute we found him?"

"Little Christmas," as he came to be called, was very well content with his new quarters. The snow had been cleared away from the space in front of the huts, and it was here the men made their fire and cooked their meals. Little Christmas roamed about as they sat round in a circle, and took a bite from one and a sup from another with perfect confidence and impartiality. He had been able to tell them nothing about himself, or how he came to be alone on the moor. When he was questioned about his dad, "This is my dad," he said, and threw his arms round Owdham Joe. He was a good-tempered, merry little lad, and by noon had so captivated the whole camp that there was some jealousy of Joe's position; however, it was soon clear that the child's affection was in no way trammelled by the bias of family. He had his favourites for a day or an hour, certainly, and it came to be a matter of fierce competition as to who would be his chosen bedfellow for the night; but none could complain that he was neglected. Little Christmas had a tender heart, and a quick sense of sympathy. He could not bear to see anyone unhappy; he would stop in the wildest romp if it seemed to him that anyone was being left out in the cold. If Pat Finnigan were giving him a ride on all-fours, the whole camp had to be there to enjoy the fun. If the game were snowballing, Little Christmas marshalled his forces like a general before a battle, and he took care to have everyone there before the sport began. It had been a standing joke with the men to make a butt of Charley, who was

rather dull-witted, but when it was found that Little Christmas became his champion, and caressed and consoled him in proportion as the others teased, they lost all relish for the game.

It was two months before the great snowdrifts on the fells finally thawed. Under one of the deepest of these, a little distance from the road, on the way to Langton, was found the body of a man. He was lying against a heap of stones, with an empty gin-bottle beside him, just as he must have fallen asleep on Christmas Eve. At the inquest the story of the finding of Little Christmas became known, and the Vicar of Langton interested himself in the child. Some rumours of the strange doings at the camp had reached the village before then, for the navvies had given up their nightly visits to the "Bell" Inn, but this was the first time the truth was known. Word came at last to Fiddler's Hole that filled the whole camp with consternation; the Vicar proposed to place Little Christmas in the district workhouse, ten miles away. The Gaffer was as much moved as anyone, though on different grounds, and he volunteered to see the Vicar and try to alter his decision. The Vicar's right in the matter he never thought to question.

"He's a Magistrate, and on the Board of Guardians, and the School Board, and all the other Boards," he said, when Owdham Joe hinted at rebellion, "and own brother to the Squire beside. What he says he will do, you may be sure he can do."

He put the case as well as he could to the Vicar.

"I hope you won't insist, sir," he finished; "I don't know how my men will stand it. There isn't one of them but would rather cut off a finger than lose Little Christmas."

"But, my good sir," said the Vicar, "we must think of the child. What kind of a moral and religious training is he getting all this while, in the midst of swearing, betting, and drinking?"

"Well, as for drinking," interrupted the other eagerly, "there's been no drinking up there this two months, and that's the truth. Little Christmas don't like the smell, it seems, and the gang has sworn off, to a man."

"I'm glad of that," said the Vicar heartily, "and I'll see you have some temperance leaflets to confirm them in their good ways, when I take the boy away; but come away I'm afraid he must."

"Let him stay till the contract's finished," urged the Gaffer. "He's as happy as a king, and I'll keep an eye on him myself and see he comes to no harm."

"Mr. Brown," said the Vicar firmly, "I hold myself responsible to Heaven for this child's soul, and I dare not let him stay a day longer in the midst of the vice and wickedness I know to exist at Fiddler's Hole."

"Well, sir, I was going to speak of that," said the contractor; "the camp's a different place since the little chap came. You see" (he hesitated and coloured a little)—"the men got an idea into their heads, with finding him on Christmas Eve, that it was something like the Christ-Child, and in their way they are as careful of his morals as you could be yourself. Of course, it's for my own sake I want him to stay, for the work gets on much faster when I don't have chaps knocking off to go on the booze; but I honestly don't think he'll take any harm."

The Vicar was not to be moved, and the Gaffer went back to Fiddler's Hole bearing the news that the child was to be taken away on the morrow.

Little Christmas could make nothing of his playfellows that night; there was a gloom upon them which all his caressing endeavours failed to remove. Next morning, when the Vicar's pony carriage drew up at the camp, the navvies were standing in sullen groups before the huts, for not a man had gone to work. Little Christmas thought he was being taken a drive, and sat, smiling, and urging the pony, by the Vicar's side. The men watched the carriage nearing the top of the hill, and saw the child turn and beckon to them. Then the Vicar seemed to be talking to him, and a moment later a wail of despair

and terror rang out down the hillside. The pony quickened its pace on the level ground, and was soon out of sight, and "Dad, dad, dad!" was the last sound they heard from Little Christmas.

Charley was sitting on the ground, near the door of the hut, with his face buried in his hands, frankly blubbering. Owdham Joe aimed a vicious kick at him as he passed in. Pat Finnigan was staring absently at a paper the Vicar had given him; his eye fell on the words: "The Sin of Drunkenness."

"Boys," said he suddenly, "let's go down to the 'Bell' and have a dhrink."

J. T. KINGSLEY TARPEY.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

WORK FOR LADIES.

SIR,—So much has been said lately on the subject of employment for ladies that I am anxious to place fairly before those who have to seek their own livelihood the advantages and disadvantages of entering a house of business, so that parents may judge whether it is worth while putting up with certain drawbacks for the sake of certain attainable advantages. I should preface my remarks by stating that I am the head of a large firm of drapers employing a great number of girls, and I am often struck with the apparent unfairness of the comparison between salaries drawn by assistants in my employ and the possible earnings of a lady who has had a refined and expensive education, and who can find no other means of gaining a livelihood but teaching.

The reason of the anomaly is not far to seek; it is due to the fact that to serve in a draper's shop, or be a dressmaker, places a girl at once at a social disadvantage; consequently even in the lower middle class (from which shop assistants are chiefly drawn) the more promising girls are put to teaching, and the girl who showed no special aptitude for anything is apprenticed to a trade, much as formerly duller sons were sent to learn farming. The result of this (if I may use the expression) handicapping of the entries into our trade is an enormous proportion of mediocrity, a mediocrity which forces up the value of the few who possess any talent far above the fair value of that talent, and I can say, with the greatest confidence, that to any cultivated lady of average ability who chose to devote herself to business instead of teaching or nursing, the higher prizes are within easy reach.

What those prizes are I will endeavour to explain. A girl is apprenticed for three or four years to learn her business, during which time she is boarded free of all cost, and at the end of that time she can, if she is worth anything at all, command a salary of £20 or £30 a year. The highest paid branches are the technical ones, and the salary obtainable by a clever dressmaker has no exact limit; generally speaking, a dressmaker of—say twenty-five years of age—can command £100 to £200 a year, and I know many employers who are quite prepared to pay £500 or £600 for proportionate talent. Outside the practical branches, even mediocrity, if it is fairly industrious and well-conducted, is always certain of £30 or £40 a year with board and lodging; but if a girl is clever she soon rises to be buyer or manager of a department, and can command from £100 to £200 a year, according to her qualifications and opportunities. Hours in most good establishments are short, and a girl has ample leisure to continue her education. More often than not a good library and piano, etc., are provided for the female assistants; and if there are hardships to bear and occasional indignities to put up with, I think there are but few resident governesses who can say that their lot has been entirely free from them.

When one has so often opportunities of advancing those in one's employ, and looks round in vain among them to find one of sufficient ability and character to justify the step, it makes one feel how great a gain it would be if a higher type of woman could be got to devote her energies to business. In every instance that I can recall where rise has been rapid it has been due to superior cultivation; and it is the broader mind, the better address, and the high-principled conduct, that springs from superior education and training, that tells in business more than low-born "cuteness." All I ask is that before deciding on a career for a girl, those who advise her should inquire for themselves what are the comparative drawbacks and advantages of teaching *versus* business. If this were done I think it would lead to a better class of girls being put to learn business; by this means business itself would be ennobled by having a higher tone of thought introduced into it, and by degrees some of the stigma attaching itself to serving in a shop would be removed. After all, there is nothing nobler in type-writing at so much a page than in selling lace at so much a yard, and "who sweeps a room as for thy laws, makes that and th' action fine."—Yours obediently,

AN EMPLOYER.

A CHRISTMAS CARD.

(RONDEAU.)

"FOR Christmas Day a Christmas card;
Come, write it quick, thou lazy bard!"
Alas! I cannot quickly find
Thoughts fresh yet polished to my mind,
And what you bid seems much too hard.

I know that folks have sometimes sparr'd
With merry words; but rhymes retard,
And oft the Muse hath proved unkind
For Christmas Day.

How difficult to interlard
Good wish and phrase polite! By yard
'Tis done, but far too rudely twined;
All critics are not blandly blind
For Christmas Day.

BLANCHE LINDSAY.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS, AND "A RANDOM ITINERARY."

UPON a fly-leaf of his little book, "A Random Itinerary" (London: Mathews & Lane)—concerning which I will speak anon—Mr. John Davidson prints the following apology: "Perhaps some notes and impressions of the remarkable spring and summer of 1893 may save these papers, temporarily at least, from the charge of irrelevancy, lately levelled at all books."

It is precisely this charge of irrelevancy that I level at the Christmas Numbers of this year of Grace. Matters have been getting worse and worse for some time now, and my complaint is no new one. It is just one more voice lifted against the mis-handling of a very respectable tradition. I have just risen from a debauch of Christmas Numbers. Some I purchased for the authors' names advertised in their lists of contents; others because of their cheerfully illustrated covers. But (if I except Mr. Stanley Weyman's vivid little romance in *Yule Tide*) they all invite the same criticism. They are one and all absolutely irrelevant, and, therefore, as Christmas Numbers, self-condemned. They turn nobody's thoughts to the festival they are supposed to celebrate: they prove nothing but the business activity of their publishers: and on the part of the authors they suggest a lack of sensitiveness truly deplorable.

For sensitiveness, tact, an instinct for the appropriate—whichever you choose to call it—is the first gift a man should pray for; is, indeed, one that he *must* have; before commencing author. You will find this much said—along with everything else that is really important to literary composition—in the "Ars Poetica." And, to leave us in no doubt of the importance of this point, Horace advances it in the very first sentence of his treatise. A writer, he says in effect, must not mix things that differ; for this is the unpardonable fault:—

"fortasse enpressum
Seis simulare: quid hoc, si fractis enatat expes
Navibus, aere dato qui pingitur?"

Our novelists just now seem to be accomplished exponents of human sorrow and tribulation, the bitterness of poverty, of hope deferred and ambition unrealised. It is well that this side of life should have its exponents; and it is well that these exponents should be accomplished. It is well that imaginative writing should serve not only to hearten men when they despair, but to warn them when they run to the embraces of a giggling optimism. But *quid hoc*?—if for the nonce we are celebrating Christmas.

At the risk of rebuke for enunciating the obvious,

I would point out that the 25th day of December is annually set apart in this country (and some others) as a festival of thanksgiving for the birth of Christ, and for the message, "On earth peace, good-will toward men." Now it is possible that to some of our writers this festival may have lost point; and this would be a sufficient reason why they should keep their lips closed and refrain from contributing to its mirth. But that they should, at this one season, and for so many guineas per thousand words, slip their dismal imaginings and preachings of man's vile estate between covers adorned with the symbols of his redemption and gladness, seems to me nothing short of a mean and rather cruel fraud. Either there is some intention in the publication of Christmas Numbers, or there is not. If there be, the intention is to celebrate Christmas. Well, I have (as I announced) just risen from a debauch of Christmas literature: and I have supped full of squalid and impertinent horrors. Death with every circumstance of atrocity is the favourite theme: brutal anecdotes of the calculated violence of individual men, the careless violence of society, and the insensate violence of the forces of nature, come next and roughly in the order given. Our need of honest mirth seems to be catered for only by a few indifferent verses, and a page or two of silly conundrums.

I will put the matter in another way. As everyone knows, it is the custom to issue with these Christmas Numbers one or more "presentation plates" (though why "presentation," considering that the public pays for them, I am at a loss to explain), highly coloured chromolithographs of no great artistic merit, but gay enough and pleasing when hung in the nursery or the servants' hall. These pictures, almost without exception, are anecdotal: for it is the way of chromolithographs to be anecdotal. And the anecdotes they tell are invariably cheerful. Now I ask how would it do to substitute chromolithographs illustrating the letter-press of our Christmas Annals for 1893? Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's bookstalls might still attract a crowd, even as a *morgue* attracts a crowd. But it is quite certain that people of taste and people of less taste would alike decline to purchase. Nor can I allow that our popular writers have the least excuse to jeer at the chromolithographic inanities that are eagerly purchased at present. Their own work may be better executed, but the taste of it is immeasurably worse. In fact, the most of it stands on the same artistic level as tittering in church or scribbling on monuments. Morally, it is less defensible, for people do not ask so much per thousand words for what they scribble on monuments.

And apart from the paramount principles of good writing, I would ask these popular authors and authoresses if their deep-seated gloom at the close of this year 1893 does not contain much ingratitude? Their burthen is the burthen of Thomas Nashe—

"Ah, who shall hide us from the winter's face?
Cold doth increase, the sickness will not cease,
And here we lie, God knows, with little ease.
From winter, plague and pestilence, good Lord, deliver us!"

—except that they display less piety. But Nashe wrote exactly three hundred years ago; and in 1593 the plague was raging in London. In 1893 the worst of modern pestilences was stayed at our coasts and rolled back, and left us to enjoy securely to the end the most splendid procession of the seasons that men even of middle-age can remember. And therefore I would advise anyone who wants a Christmas book by which to remember 1893 to go at once and buy "A Random Itinerary," and read how Mr. Davidson walked about and around London and among the Chilterns, and noted the unfolding of the late remarkable spring and summer in the London parks and squares, on Hampstead Heath and Blackheath, in Epping Forest

and the Isle of Dogs, and out by Amersham and Prince's Risborough. I observe that Mr. Grant Allen the other day became dithyrambic in the *Westminster Gazette* on the beauties of rural England. England is "certainly the prettiest country in Europe"; "taking it as country, and country alone, nothing else approaches it"; "such parks, such greensward, such grassy lawns, such wooded tilth, are wholly unknown elsewhere"; and so on. And certainly she has an amazing knack of inspiring anyone who just walks about her and notes down what he sees. He may not give us such a book again as Cobbett's "Rural Rides" (and since it is Christmas, I will here and now forgive the man who stole my copy of that book from me), but he must be distilled of dulness if his book be not readable.

Now Mr. Davidson in his least inspired moment has never been dull. If not a genius developed, he has much of the quality that makes for genius; and this, I am glad to say, I had the honour of discerning when *Scaramouch in Naxos* appeared, with two other of his plays, some three years ago. Since then his "Fleet Street Eclogues" have drawn attention upon him, and with every fresh book his hand grows surer. He is a poet, and his prose is a poet's prose with the defects and graces of its kind. But both in his verse and his prose one cannot help noting a growing *concreteness*. There are echoes of Walton in this book, though the scheme of it be vastly more wayward than Walton would have approved: and though the style may here and there be exuberant, the thought is controlled and even austere:—

"Earth's wheaten of wisdom dispensed in the rough,
And a bell ringing thanks for a sustenance meal
Through the active machine: lean fare,
But it carries a sparkle! . . ."

It is a delightful book to read at home this winter if you have any memories of your own of the spring and summer of 1893. For Mr. Davidson writes with a thankful heart, and it is so rare just now to find an author who is thankful, even though he get many guineas per thousand words.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

PRISONS AND PRISON LIFE.

SECRETS OF THE PRISON HOUSE; OR, GAOL STUDIES AND SKETCHES. By Arthur Griffiths, Major late 63rd Regiment, one of H.M. Inspectors of Prisons. London: Chapman & Hall.

THE question of the criminal classes and their treatment is certainly not one of the least important questions of the day. The rough-and-ready manner in which our ancestors were wont to "indifferently minister justice" (according to the delightful phrase in the Prayer Book) has long ceased to content us. We have, in many ways, improved upon it, we flatter ourselves; and with reason. But the spirit of the age leads us to desire to be scientific in this, as in other departments of human activity. Accordingly a brand-new science, or what is vaunted as such, has been invented for us. The name of it, indeed, is not as yet quite settled. It is sometimes called penology; sometimes, criminology; sometimes, criminal anthropology. The last-mentioned designation appears to be most in favour with its professors. In fact, three "Congresses of Criminal Anthropology" have already been held—the first at Rome, in 1885; the second at Paris, in 1887; and the third at Brussels last year. The field of investigation to which these gatherings addressed themselves was somewhat extensive. Criminal embryology, criminal anatomy, criminal psychology, criminal sociology, criminal jurisprudence and criminal statistics, criminal hypnology, criminal epidemiology, criminal teratology, and criminal prophylaxy—such were some of the topics about

which papers were read and speeches made. Of the zeal and ingenuity shown in these discussions there can be no question. Regarding the practical value of the conclusions arrived at—so far as there were any—opinions differ. Major Griffiths's view might apparently be summed up in the proverb, "Much cry and little wool." He is, indeed, too courteous to put it so crudely. But we will let him speak for himself. "Criminal anthropology," he writes, "rests at present on too insecure grounds, on too many suppositions and probabilities, to be entitled to the name of a science. It has been deduced from too incomplete premises, too hasty inquiries, to give substantial results. More extended researches are needed before its recommendations can be even partially accepted. . . . So far the fact is indisputable—that as yet the criminal anthropologists have made no remarkable discoveries, have put forward no new and incontestable facts."

Now this opinion of Major Griffiths appears to us entitled to much respect, not merely—on the principle of "sapientes qui sentiunt mecum"—because we happen to agree with it, but because he is singularly well qualified to form a judgment on the matter. For a quarter of a century he has been employed in the Prison Department, and he has made the most of his opportunities of acquiring a real knowledge of criminals. As he himself tells us, he has "watched and studied them closely, seeing them under many aspects, knowing their wiles and artifices, acquainted with their worst passions, yet admitting their occasional possession of more generous emotions." Major Griffiths's introduction to prison life came upon him suddenly and unexpectedly. It was, we read in a very interesting chapter, on a fine winter's morning in 1860, at Gibraltar, that Sir Richard—afterwards Lord—Airey desired him to take charge of the convict establishment there. He was on the point of mounting his horse to go to the garrison drill-ground—he was the Infantry Brigade Major—but on receiving the general's order he turned his animal's head in another direction, and, riding off to the prison, at once entered upon his new duty. "That," he says, "was the last time I ever wore sword. I drifted away gradually, imperceptibly, yet completely, from my old profession, and in due time became a civil and not a military servant of the Crown." The reason why he was so hastily summoned to what was to prove a fresh career was the illness of the controller of the convict establishment, and the consequent deterioration of discipline. "There were ominous signs of tumult among the felon population; the staff of warders, harried and overworked, were losing heart; and it was high time to vindicate authority with a firm, strong hand." This Major Griffiths proceeded to do with entire success, throwing himself into his new duties—for which, evidently, he had a natural aptitude—with equal energy and tact. When his term of office at Gibraltar came to an end, Major Griffiths went to the great Chatham prison as deputy-governor; and after serving in various other capacities was advanced to his present appointment of Inspector of Prisons. But our author is not content merely to give us the results of his so long and varied official experience. He has supplemented it by careful study of penal establishments all over the world. The prisons of France and Italy, of Austria-Hungary and Germany, of Belgium and Spain, of Russia and the United States—nay, of Japan and China—have yielded up to him their secrets, which are told in graphic style and with felicitous diction. Moreover, he has made happy use of the pictorial art, and sixty-odd illustrations by Mr. George D. Rowlandson constitute a valuable adjunct to his work. To which we must add that he has equipped it with a carefully compiled and very complete index, which contributes much to its practical utility. But not only is his book a very valuable contribution to the painfully interesting subject on which he speaks with the authority of an expert; it

is also extremely interesting, if somewhat gruesome, reading. Major Griffiths, as we all know, has long established his fame as a story-teller. The tales which he from time to time gives us in these volumes are narrated in a manner fully worthy of his reputation. One of the most powerful is a narrative of the hardships of French transportation as endured by an Englishman in New Caledonia. Major Griffiths happened to be in the *Depôt* of the Paris Prefecture with the police inspector when, among the preceding night's arrests, his attention was attracted to a man supposed to be an Englishman, but known as "a dangerous Communist, convicted of theft, arson, and murder; sentenced to death in March, 1872, commuted and deported to New Caledonia, now a returned convict, a *cheval de retour*." There seems good reason for supposing that the man was erroneously arrested, unfairly tried, and unjustly sentenced. But we must refer our readers who desire to know his story to Major Griffiths's own pages; it is far too long to reproduce here. We may, however, observe that through Major Griffiths's assistance the man got back to England, where he obtained work as a reader for the press, and passed his last years in tolerable comfort.

Before putting aside these fascinating volumes we must not omit to note that the practical conclusion reached by Major Griffiths is an encouraging one. His survey of all the penal systems of the world seems to show that the English is, on the whole, the best. It appears to preserve the golden mean between sentimental leniency and undue severity. We confess that we agree with Major Griffiths in regarding with much suspicion such experiments as those of which the famous institution at Elmira is the best-known type. The principle there adopted is that the future amendment of the criminal is the one object to be aimed at, and that his sentence, therefore, should have no reference to his misdeeds. The old conception of a prison as a place of punishment is discarded. It is regarded as a moral hospital where the abnormality of the patients sent to it is to be cured. Hence the contention that imprisonment should be indeterminate: that it should last only until ethical convalescence is attained by the inmate—the word "prisoner" is not used at Elmira—who should thereupon be discharged. The course of treatment appears to consist of plenty of fresh air and exercise, a generous and abundant diet, an extensive course of teaching—including languages, music, physical science, industrial art, and utilitarian ethics—and amusements of various kinds. Major Griffiths, while allowing, with his accustomed breadth of view, that "the experiment is not lightly to be dismissed with a laugh at its extravagant pretensions and with contemptuous disbelief of the results it achieves," intimates pretty plainly his own scepticism with regard to it. In the first place he observes—and truly—that trustworthy statistics as to the permanence of the reformation effected by it are not forthcoming. Then, again, he remarks, "the subjects for it are carefully chosen, the preference being given to youth and intelligence." To say this, however, is, we think, to say too little. If we are rightly informed, the well-nigh fourteen hundred prisoners—we beg their pardon, inmates—at the Elmira Reformatory are all males of between sixteen and thirty years of age, not known to have been previously imprisoned for high crimes. These are hardly fair specimens of the criminal classes, and no doubt it is not very difficult to persuade them that honesty is the best policy. It is notable—Major Griffiths, however, does not mention it—that a very considerable American authority, Mr. C. R. Highton, State Commissioner of Prisons for California, in a recently published report to the Governor of that State, strongly condemns the Elmira system after careful personal investigation. And assuredly there is much force in the words—they deserve a place in Major Griffiths's pages—of the well-known lawyer and philanthropist, Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte,

addressed last December to the Annual Congress of the United States Prison Association at Baltimore: "A system founded on the theory that a bad man can be, and ought to be, made a good man, by the very process which may also at once appease popular indignation caused by his behaviour, and strengthen others when tempted not to imitate him, cannot be applied to all men. There are some whom no form of penal discipline will ever make estimable or useful, or even harmless. Nor must we forget that, after all, the end of punishment is to punish. A prison should not be a hell; but it fails of its purpose if it is too pleasant for a purgatory. Is it just or consistent to tell a man 'Thou shalt not steal, even to get thy dinner,' and after, and because he has stolen, to see that he has a good dinner? Is it right for the taxpayer to feed a rascal to the limit of his appetite, while so many honest men go every night supperless to bed? Does this tend to make vice odious, or to breed reverence for the law?"

MEN, THEOLOGIANS, AND FAIRIES.

SCOTTISH FAIRY AND FOLK TALES. Selected and Edited with an Introduction, by Sir George Douglas. London: Walter Scott.

MORE ENGLISH FAIRY TALES. Collected and Edited by Joseph Jacobs. London: David Nutt.

"HE turned his back and sat by the window looking over the sea, and weeping great tears for his lost daughter, till his white hair and beard grew down over his shoulders and twined round his chair and crept into the chinks of the floor; and his tears, dropping on to the window-ledge, wore a channel through the stone and ran away in a little river to the great sea." This description of the father of Rushen Coatie in Mr. Jacobs' new book contains in miniature the whole fascination of the folk-tale. We are hemmed in on every side by shabby limitations, and never find anything anywhere in the world to fully satisfy our vast desires. We know always in the bottom of our hearts that not one of our emotions will ever find adequate expression, that the bulk of our laughter shall ever be unlaughed, and the bulk of our tears unwept. The folk-tale comes to our aid and tells us of a world where there is plenty of everything—of gold, of beauty, of adventure, and of laughter and heart-easing tears. It is not wonderful nobody can tell when folk-tales were first invented, for doubtless they came as soon as did the need for them, and this need must have come when Adam was driven out of the Garden by the sword turning every way. Nor is it wonderful that nobody can tell where they first had their rise, for wherever men are, there is the desire to get away from our limited and arbitrary world into that golden land where good fortunes never come singly, and where the well-deserving are never long poor or the wicked long wealthy. The men and women who first made them have been the most successful of all the poets of the world, for their stories have spread into every land under the sun, being altered and adapted according to the needs of each. Their triumph was the greater in that the root-tales were not so many after all; Mr. Jacobs reckons but seventy for Europe, and the whole seventy would probably not fill a book of two hundred octavo pages; but their variations and combinations are as numerous as the combinations one can make with a pack of cards, and scarcely less divergent than those of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet. The different nations have different languages and different card games, and they have different ways of telling the ancient folk stories, and in these different ways can be seen something of their several characters and histories.

There is a deal of Scotch character and history, for instance, in Sir George Douglas's "Scottish Fairy and Folk Tales." There is a gloom and grimness about them which is sprung, in all likelihood, from a

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theology which holds fairies and the like but little better than Satan's crew. There are terrible stories enough in Cornwall—stories of phantom hounds hunting the souls of the lost through the air, and of that wandering spirit, Tregeagle, mourning among the winds; and there are stories of dragons and hideous goblins in plenty in "More English Fairy Tales;" but about all there is something of make-belief, the story-teller is trying to make your flesh creep; he is not himself scared at the things he tells of. But all a child's terror of the darkness, and all a Calvinist's belief in the wickedness of the things that dwell there, is in the description of the spirit, Nuckelavee, in "Scottish Fairy and Folk Tales." "The lower part of this terrible creature, as seen by Tammie, was like a great horse with flippers like fins about his legs, with a mouth as wide as a whale, from whence came breath like steam from a brewing-kettle. He had but one eye, and that as red as fire. On him sat—or, rather, seemed to grow from his back—a huge man with no legs, and arms that reached nearly to the ground. His head was as big as a clue of simmons (a clue of straw ropes, generally about three feet in diameter), and this huge head kept rolling from one shoulder to the other as if it meant to tumble off. But what to Tammie appeared most horrible of all was that the monster was skinless; this utter want of skin adding much to the terrific appearance of the creature's naked body, the whole surface of it showing only red, raw flesh, in which Tammie saw blood, black as tar, running through yellow veins, and great white sinews thick as horses' tethers, twisting, stretching, and contracting, as the monster moved." Nor is there anything English in the tale of the destruction of Jan Garbh Macgillichallum by the witches who, in the shape of cats, mounted in multitudes into the rigging of his ship on a night of tempest, and obedient to the command of the biggest of their number, who stood upon the mast-head, overset the ship by a sudden swing to leeward. Even the numerous tales are sometimes given a serious turn, as when the well-known story, told also by Mr. Jacobs, of the oat-cake, which after flying from all manner of dangers was eaten by the tod (or fox) in his hole, is wound up by the quatrain:—

"Now, be ye lords or commoners,
Ye needna laugh nor sneer,
For ye'll be a' i' the tod's hole
In less than a hundred year."

For the Scotch maker of both tales and folk rhymes takes this world as seriously as he takes the other.

Mr. James Torrance, who has done twelve designs for Sir George Douglas's book, has caught admirably the spirit of the grim parts of his text, and has not altogether failed with the lighter, though here a somewhat imperfect sense of beauty tells against him. One is perhaps inclined to be over-severe upon him in this matter of beauty, through the contrast between his forcible, vivid, and picturesque but not very comely treatment and the romantic glamour, as of faery lands forlorn of Mr. Batten's in the illustrations to "More English Fairy Tales."

Sir George Douglas reprints his various authorities without any alterations; whereas Mr. Jacobs retells his tales, but without altering any vital part of the story. He has done this with almost invariable wisdom. The only exception we have noticed is in the case of "The King of England and his Three Sons," which he has made illogical and inartistic by an alteration intended to render it suitable for children. The present writer understood certain sentences merely through his knowledge of other versions. A slight further omission would make it both logical and artistic, and a reference to the authorities who give the tale in full would preserve the interests of science. The book is, however, taken as a whole, a delightful sequel to Mr. Jacobs' "English Fairy Tales," and has a fair chance of becoming, as he hopes, together with its predecessor, "An English Grimm."

THE CHARTIST AND OTHER STATE TRIALS.

REPORTS OF STATE TRIALS. New Series. Vol. IV., 1839 to 1843. Edited by J. E. P. Wallis. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode.

THE most difficult part of the work of the State Trials Committee and their editor is probably that of selection. The province of the State is always expanding. If every case in the courts which concerns the State is to be regarded as a State trial, there would be no end to the new series of reports. It would be a mere reprint of a great part of the law reports. Even if only those cases were included which are interesting from what one may call the political point of view, the difficulty would be almost as great. If we were to presume to advise the committee we should suggest that more stress should be laid on the word "trials." "Trial" is not a term of art, but it means, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, a case in which the personal rather than the legal element is predominant. Weighty decisions in the House of Lords are sufficiently reported by the ordinary reporters. But criminal and other trials are not sufficiently reported. It was in order to prepare from official and other sources (largely in MS.) fuller reports that the committee was appointed. We think the committee would have been wise if they had left out the cases of the *Presbytery of Auchterarder v. Kinnoull* and *Ferguson v. Kinnoull*, which are mere reprints from *Clarke and Finnilly*, and had inserted instead some other of the Chartist cases, of which they only give short notes in an appendix. The interest and value of the present volume consist almost entirely in the reports of the prosecutions of *Feargus O'Connor* and others, of *T. Cooper* and others, and of *Frost* and the *Monmouthshire rioters*, for the trials of the Chartists were the real State trials of the time. In omitting others the committee have missed their chance of giving to the future historian a complete record from the legal side of one of the most interesting movements in our history.

The trial of *Frost* and his colleagues, who attacked *Newport, Monmouthshire*, illustrates the more militant side of Chartism. That of *O'Connor* illustrates the great strike in *Lancashire* in 1842, which was variously ascribed to the Chartists and the *Anti-Corn Law League*. That of *Cooper* illustrates the similar strike in the *Potteries*. Taking the three as specimens, one cannot but be struck with the bitterness shown by the middle-class governing power. Three of the five points of the Charter were now the law of the land, and one other (payment of members) is part of the *Newcastle programme*. If, in addition, the Chartists denounced the factory system, they were no worse than *Ruskin* and *Carlyle*. If they denounced the *New Poor Law*, they only erred in common with the vast majority of present-day *Liberal* candidates for agricultural constituencies. There was absolutely nothing in their programme to justify prosecution. Yet one cannot read the report of *O'Connor's* trial without realising that it was their programme, and not their casual excesses, which weighed with the Government which prosecuted them and the manufacturers who sat on the juries to convict them. The *Lancashire* strike was clearly proved not to have originated with the Chartists. It was amply justified by the continuing reductions of wages. (See the affecting speech of *Pilling*, pp. 1,097-1,108.) So far as it was fanned by outside influence, it was at least as much due to the *Anti-Corn Law League* as to the Chartists, and as much bloodthirsty language was used by the one as the other. Yet so soon as a defendant, though concerned in the excesses, was found to be an *Anti-Corn Law* man and not a Chartist, the Crown at once entered a *nolle prosequi*.

The more comforting feature of the cases is the general fairness of the judges and the law officers. When *Frost* was on his trial at *Newport*, *Sir Frederick Pollock*, afterwards *Attorney-General* and *Chief Baron*, was assigned for his defence. No man was left without skilled counsel, unless he actually

preferred to defend himself; and the judges, if they strained technicalities, strained them against the Crown. The only case to the contrary which we have noticed in this volume is the ruling of Baron Rolfe, afterwards Lord Cranworth, in *R. v. O'Connor* as to the nature of conspiracy. It comes perilously near to the decision of the Irish judges in *R. v. Parnell*. Nor, at a time when the Home Rule Bill is under discussion, can one fail to notice the close union of English and Irish working men in the Chartist movement. The Chartist movement went further in the direction of uniting the English and Irish peoples—they were not yet democracies—than any other movement before 1886. If the Chartists had succeeded Ireland might never have required Home Rule. There is nothing which unites men like common danger, and the English and Irish Chartists stood together in the dock.

Mr. Wallis has done his detailed work of editorship with great care, but some of his head-notes seem to us defective; they are too long, and yet they do not always tell one precisely what was decided.

THE INCARNATION.

THE CHRISTIAN VIEW OF GOD AND THE WORLD AS CENTRING IN THE INCARNATION. By James Orr, D.D., Professor of Church History in the United Presbyterian College, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

THE GOSPEL OF A RISEN SAVIOUR. By the Rev. McCheyne Edgar, A.M. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

THESE two books are alike in purpose and fairly equal in quality. They are both written by competent and well-informed divines; each is alike remarkable for his intelligent yet thorough-going and rather oppressive orthodoxy. The central idea in the mind of the one is the Incarnation; and the "Risen Saviour" of the other is only the form under which he expresses his belief in the same doctrine. While the former is mainly concerned with the intellectual justification of the dogma and its implied ideas, the latter is mainly concerned with the histories and witnesses of the resurrection of Christ, though only that he may get a fixed point or fact from which to study Christian theology as a whole. Both thus express the tendency, common to so many theologians, which makes the Christological the regulative idea in the interpretation of dogma.

Professor Orr's is certainly the weightier and more elaborate book. It is really a solid piece of work—massive, indeed, and more than a trifle heavy—not to say prolix, yet the production of a man who thoroughly knows both his own mind and the mind of the man he opposes. It is distinguished throughout by sturdiness, honesty of conviction, straightforward statement and argument. Its author is like a large-bodied vigorous Scot who has got his back to the wall and his face to the foe, while he sharply singles out the more aggressive of his antagonists for a series of direct and well-planted blows. The real defect of the book is its sustained belligerency; this makes it longer than it has any need to be, and interferes with its literary qualities. It would certainly be improved by being made more compact, with more progress and less repetition in its arguments; but just as it stands it is a notable and helpful contribution to the discussion of the central question in theology. That theology is conceived as involving a connected view of the world, and this view is supernatural—i.e., its ultimate idea is God and His activity, not Nature with its forces and laws. This is the real question at issue, miracles are but a subordinate section of the greater, decided according as the supernatural or the natural is the ultimate conception. So Professor Orr joins issue at once with those who would either minimise or deny what he holds to be the full Christian view. He will have no æsthetic religion, satisfactory to feeling, but careless of the intellect; nor will he have any dogmatic agnosticism, careful about experimental religion, but indifferent as to theoretical

truth—nothing less than the complete truth of the Christian view intellectually apprehended and vindicated will satisfy him. He recognises the magnitude of the assumptions it makes, but stoutly maintains its philosophical warrant and completeness against varied forms of negation. He discusses these under their many aspects and disguises, and we find ourselves carried by a very cautious but very resolute disputant through the systems—atheistic, agnostic, pantheistic, pessimistic—which the modern speculative reason has so lavishly created. He then takes up the positive doctrine of the Incarnation, discusses first its form and basis in the New Testament, then its doctrinal aspects, and finally the higher ideas involved in it as to God, sin, and human destiny. The ground covered is thus most extensive, and the discussion is never careless or slipshod; the author is always severely logical and in earnest. The book is modern, too; the speculations he discusses are those of the present or immediate past. One of the most excellent elements in the book is the notes, with their full exposition of authors and terms and phrases; yet occasionally we find the Professor tripping. Thus he speaks of "a merely modal or economical Trinity," and explains it as a "Trinity not of essence, but only of revelation." But a modal was not the same as an economical Trinity either in ancient or modern times. A modal Trinity was simply a distinction of outward aspect or relation in the one indivisible Substance; but an economical Trinity posited a distinction of persons within the one essence, though the distribution of name and function or office was a matter of *oikonomia* or arrangement. But though the book is for us too thorough-going in its conservatism, and maintains positions both in criticism and doctrine we think indefensible, yet it is, as a whole, a workmanlike book, well considered, laboriously built up, and full of the results of extensive reading and judicious thinking.

The book of Mr. McCheyne Edgar is not so hard to read, moves more lightly over the ground, leaves more undefended positions, and is not so careful in fortifying those it does defend; yet it is evident that he states the modest truth when he says "it has occupied his attention for a number of years." We are more than doubtful as to the truth of his statement "that the belief in the soul's continued existence after death has been almost universal"; indeed, as a rule, it is a belief late in origin, and in some very developed religions—e.g., the Confucian—has never existed at all; and we think this whole subject needed fuller treatment than it has here received. Nor does it seem as if the ideas of the physical resurrection and of the risen and glorified Christ, were so inseparable as is here attempted to be made out. There are writers in the New Testament who lay great stress on the Redeemer as living and glorified, but who say nothing as to His bodily resurrection. This is a point on which we should have been glad to get more light than we find here. Nor are we clear about the scientific character of the exegesis, to say nothing of the historical criticism, which traces "the uprise of the resurrection idea" to Genesis iii. 15. But once the author gets free from the more critical questions, his book becomes more interesting. It is very conservative—so much so that it comes dangerously near a provocation to revolution—but it is the work of a man who has conscientiously laboured at his subject and thought much upon it. We can honestly commend his book to all who like to feel themselves in hands at once safe and intelligent.

MODERN BOOKBINDING.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF BOOKBINDING. By S. T. Prideaux. London: Lawrence & Bullen.

IN turning over these lucid and charming pages, for which Mr. Prideaux all too modestly claims little but that they will introduce the beginner to the study of bookbinding, an uneasy suspicion

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begins to awake in the reader's mind, and as he passes from chapter to chapter, recognising the skill with which the author handles his subject, this consciousness that there is something wrong with the volume grows stronger and stronger, until at last it determines itself. It is not Mr. Prideaux's pages that call for correction; it is the cover that holds them. How comes it, one asks oneself, that this excellent history of a beautiful art should be sent into the world with a plain cloth binding, unattractive and sickly in colour? For answer we turn to the book itself and find on page 136 the following passage:—

"It will be observed, too, that as the mechanical aids to the art grew in number, taste declined. . . . Binding can never again become a fine art unless design goes hand in hand with the execution, which now leaves nothing to be desired, for accomplished craftsmanship is only admirable when it interprets happy invention. In all departments of decorative art we see the same inability to escape from the traditions of the past; but in none has there been such servile copying of the old models as in the decoration of books."

The reason is obvious why Mr. Prideaux has preferred a plain piece of cloth binding for his book. It is that he might have gone further and fared worse. And no doubt he judged that all true book-lovers, before adding the volume to their shelves, would strip it of the suit of dittoes Commerce has impressed upon it and substitute fine raiment in the shape of a *pointillé* binding. To the majority of book-lovers who care for binding as an Art there is no such thing as binding to-day in "the long wash" that covers the literary shore; consequently, so long as the printed sheets are protected from the weather by millboard and lettered plainly it is enough: the book-lover sighs and turns away, content if his own volume be decently unattractive. But the motto Mr. Prideaux quotes at the end of Appendix II. sets one thinking:—

"Un art n'est qu'un métier dans une main vulgaire;
Un métier est un art quand on le sait bien faire."

Is there any hope of the production of the ordinary machine-bound book of to-day, costing say sixpence a copy, being guided by artistic canons? There has been a certain revival of taste of late among the publishers. Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, who have produced the book before us, are themselves an instance of the desire of the younger school of publishers to do something to lessen the disgust with which every man of taste regards the average machine-bound book. Is it possible for the slight improvement we have noticed to be increased in ever-widening circles till the book-binder awakes to find in himself something like a love of his almost obliterated ancient art? Such are the questions that trouble the soul of the perplexed book-buyer of the nobler sort. For ourselves, we believe that the machine-made binding, though it will always be the bastard child of art out of cheapness, may yet gain a certain dignity and keep up appearances better than it has done.

The chief difficulty to be faced by those who would have the professional bookbinders gain for themselves something of the old craftsmen's glory, is that the artist has been eliminated altogether. Granted that the trade is now minutely subdivided, that the journeyman and journeywoman bookbinder, case-blocker, trimmer, gilder, whatever he or she may be, will have to wait till the Fabian in his wrath has swept away the monotony-work and the monotony-wage alike; granted that the foreman-bookbinder must remain a man of business and not a craftsman, still there is no reason whatever why the heads of the large firms should not call to their aid artists to design covers and determine colours to be executed afterwards by the machinists. At present the work is settled in a manner that is almost entirely commercial and reprehensible. We do not say there are not men of taste in the trade, but we say they are few. The publisher's manager and the bookbinder's representative settle the matter

between them. Let us suppose it is a case of binding "The Life of Titus Oates," demy 8vo, 16s. Gilt lettering is a *sine quâ non*, colour is a toss up between the greens, the purples, and the blues; if a *cliché* from the book can be thrown in a corner of the binding so much the better, publisher's stamp goes on back, and price per hundred must be knocked down a little. So "The Life of Titus Oates" goes forth to a grateful public. But what has the artist had to say in its manufacture? Nothing. Had he been called in he might have designed, as an appropriate symbol of the contents, a couple of serpents strangling one another, wreathed round the book in black and gold. He might—but he is never given an opportunity, and the matter lies in the hands of purely commercial men. And so it is with all the kindred arts and crafts: the artist has been eliminated. To restore him—this is the labour, this the toil. There are thousands of artists now in England who confine their attention to killing one another's work on the walls of picture galleries; men who ought to be making the homes of the democracy beautiful by creating the artistic manufacture of articles of common use—glass, furniture, iron-work, type, crockery, stuffs, etc. etc. If they were apprenticed young to the various trades, we believe they would conquer the machine-monster and beget new art, an illegitimate child though it be. Can the artists be restored to the trades, or the people to the land? These are two pressing questions of a topsy-turvy age.

FICTION.

SUCH A LORD IS LOVE. A Woman's Heart Tragedy. By Mrs. Stephen Batson, Author of "Dark: a Tale of the Down Country." In 2 vols. London: A. D. Innes & Co.

MR. BAILEY-MARTIN. A Novel. By Percy White. London: William Heinemann.

THREE BRACE OF LOVERS. A Comedy-Idyll. By Harold Vallings. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

THE poetical title of Mrs. Stephen Batson's very pretty story, "Such a Lord is Love," will be recognised by Tennysonian students as a quotation from "The Gardener's Daughter"; and the story in its graceful simplicity is not unworthy of the inspiration. Unpretentious in plot, and limited in scope, it yet charms by reason of the quiet humour, the delicate sympathy, the clear and consistent character-drawing, to be found within its pages. Three sisters are the joint-heroines of the tale, and its *motif* is the subtle and varying method in which Love ultimately asserts his lordship over each one of them. The principal interest centres in the second sister, Adria, whose marriage to Dick Nevill takes place in the opening chapter. All seems to promise well for Adria's future happiness with her kindly-natured and devoted husband; but, alas! there is a serpent in their Eden in the shape of an intriguing woman, and all too soon the crash of their married life comes. Dick, loving and kind as any husband well could be, is, nevertheless, an incorrigible flirt, and this failing leads him into resuming a dangerous friendship with a certain fair and frail lady in the neighbourhood, who is the "villain" of the book. Adria, distracted with grief and jealousy, flies off straightway to the wilds of Brittany with her baby, and a painful separation ensues, which is bridged over only by the supreme lordship of love between husband and wife. Meanwhile Adria's elder sister, Bell, has also capitulated to Cupid after a stubborn resistance, giving up wealth and ease to share the laborious life of a country parson whom she loves even more than these things. The trio of victims is finally completed by Elisabeth, the youngest sister, who flings away the honest affection of an eligible and handsome young lover for the sake of an ugly, pompous little professor, fat and elderly, whose intellectual acquirements fascinate her more completely than the muscular vigour of her boyish admirer. The characters of the three sisters are

excellently discriminated, and the very simplicity of the drawing causes them to stand out vividly from the canvas. Very good, too, is the analysis of Dick Nevill, that weakest and most lovable of sinners, whose fatal flexibility of temperament makes him the sport of circumstances, plastic in the hands of any woman sufficiently unscrupulous to mould him to her will. The story is told in the simplest and most natural style, utterly free from any straining after effect, and all the more effective for that reason. The author's quick sense of humour is shown incidentally in the diverting description of certain Wessex mummers whose quaint ceremonies form a delightful episode in the book. "Such a Lord is Love" may be commended as a thoroughly pleasant and wholesome novel, in which tenderness and charm are combined with bright humour and keen insight into feminine nature.

There is cleverness enough in "Mr. Bailey-Martin" to furnish forth a dozen ordinary novels; but for all that the story itself is not pleasant reading. It is the autobiography of a person who united in himself all the leading characteristics of the snob, the cad, and the scoundrel. He lays bare the shameful secrets of his disgraceful career with the frankness with which Mr. Barry Lyndon, of pious memory, told his story to the world. Mr. Barry Lyndon was hardly a greater scoundrel than Mr. Bailey-Martin, though naturally, living in an age of greater frankness than ours, there was an ostentatious brutality about his crimes in which his nineteenth-century imitator does not venture to indulge. But with all his odious qualities, Barry Lyndon was not a snob, and to the last he retained some faint traces of the good qualities which had distinguished him as a boy. This is more than can be said of Mr. Bailey-Martin. Boy and man he is the same—a sneaking, contemptible, and odious cad, who is only kept from the commission of the worst crimes by the fear of punishment, and whose unutterable selfishness surpasses even that of Barry Lyndon himself. The son of a newly enriched tradesman, he begins his career in the "genteel" society of a London suburb, but by means of a school acquaintance with a young nobleman—who is almost as contemptible as he himself is—quickly soars into a loftier sphere. He marries the nobleman's sister and treats her brutally. He is returned for the seat which the nobleman's family influences, and becomes so much of a man of mark in the world that he finds himself unable to continue to recognise his own relatives. Unfortunately for him, he is not so clever as he imagines. His fond and foolish wife, after submitting to insults innumerable, turns against him on discovering that from the first he has been unfaithful to her, and his career ends in a disgrace almost as sudden as his original rise had been. Such, in brief, is the story of the new Barry Lyndon, and, as we have said, it is by no means pleasant reading; but its cleverness is undeniable. It shows not only a remarkable knowledge of contemporary life, but a keen insight into character and a considerable degree of literary power. We shall hope to meet its author again when he has a more pleasant tale to tell us.

"Three Brace of Lovers" is correctly described by its author as a comedy-idyll. The scene is laid in a beautiful district in one of the home counties, and picnicking, fishing, tennis, cricket, and gardening seem to be the occupation of most of the characters. Hence the story is idyllic. The conduct of everybody, on the other hand, suggests that of the actors in a comedy, or possibly in a farce. There is an old colonel who wishes to economise for the sake of his daughter, and, unknown to her, takes up his residence in a labourer's hut, where he proposes to live on the fruits of the earth as provided for him by his cottage garden. To him resorts a gentleman who claims him as a cousin, and who is only known during the greater part of the story as Hugo, a travelling photographer, but whose real name is Lord St. Mellion, the son and heir of the Earl of Bodcom. How Mr. Hugo is snubbed in local society

by men and women with a soul above photographers may be imagined by the least imaginative, whilst the manner in which he finally triumphs over the snobs and confounds their snobbery will be readily guessed by everyone acquainted with the British stage. Hugo and the gardener-colonel are not, however, the only persons in the story who occupy positions different from those to which they were born. There is a young lady, the Honourable Delicia Muriel Beatrice Forbes Fitzallan de Ribeau, who, though the daughter of a peer, has but a beggarly eighty pounds a year with which to bless herself, and is consequently compelled, sorely against the grain, to take up her abode with an aunt, the widow of a clergyman whose only son is a private tutor. The Honourable Delicia is a proud woman, though only nineteen. She despises her cousin, the tutor, and resolves to keep him in his place; but her cousin has not read his Tennyson for naught, and his attitude towards the fair lady is an obvious imitation of that of the hero of the poem towards Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Then there is a beautiful widow of title, who lives in seclusion in a noble park, unconscious of the fact that the man she loved before her marriage has established himself at her gates in the person of Mr. Hugo, the photographer. Finally, there are the colonel's daughter, ignorant of the sacrifices paternal affection has imposed upon that worthy man, and a young soapboiler or stockbroker—we forget which—whose wealthy father means him to marry into the peerage. Does not the mere recital of the names and positions of the *dramatis personæ* suggest the incidents of the play? They all do their duty. Besides the mystification about Mr. Hugo, and the dramatic moment when he is revealed to the parvenus of Chatterby as the famous Lord St. Mellion, there is the surprising meeting between the old colonel in his labourer's attire and his fashionable daughter, at the moment when the latter is surrounded by the members of the soapboiler's family, and the whole story of the wooing of the Honourable Delicia by her haughty cousin, the tutor. Incidents of every kind abound, and the minor characters, the comic major in particular, are all up to their work. It is a book to skim, and laugh over, and straightway forget; but that does not imply that it is any worse than a score of the idyll-comedies of the stage—things to be enjoyed for the moment, and then dismissed for ever from the mind.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

HAZELL'S ANNUAL FOR 1894. London: Hazell, Watson & Vinay; and Hodder & Stoughton.

DEBRET'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, KNIGHTAGE, AND COMPANIONAGE. Personally Revised by the Nobility. London: Dean & Co., Limited. THE WINDSOR PEERAGE FOR 1894. By Edward Walford, M.A. London: Chatto & Windus.

THE compact and clearly arranged mass of up-to-date information known as "Hazell's Annual" is now in its ninth year. With almost every issue improvements have been noted, but the present volume surpasses all its predecessors in the changes made towards perfecting the plan on which this cyclopædic record of men and topics of the day is put together. To begin with, over a hundred articles are either new or newly written, including, among other biographies, W. W. Astor, M. Dupuy, Maarten Maartens, W. Watson, and Oscar Wilde. Sociology, Socialism, Theosophy, Bimetallism, are among the subjects brought up to date. One of the most important innovations is the introduction of a number of maps—seven in all—of various countries and territories, containing the latest details known in this country, and likely to be found of considerable use during the coming year. The Home Rule Bill is dealt with at great length, the article presenting a record of its passage through the Commons and the changes it underwent. In the article on the Labour Movement there is an exhaustive summary of the great coal dispute. The expansion of the "Key to Contents," which now practically forms an index—necessary, in spite of alphabetical order, on account of the quantity and variety of the matter—adds much to the handiness of this most useful book.

"Debrett," a depository of information which the late Lord Cairns never opened "without amazement or admiration," is in its hundred and eighty-first year. An important alteration has been made in entering particulars concerning dormant or presumably extinct baronetcies, revived by the mere assumption of

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the titles by someone of a similar name to that of the grantee, and without any official recognition from the Herald's College, the Office of Arms in Dublin, or the Lyon Office. These are no longer inserted in a style uniform with those of baronets of undoubted title, but in the form of claims. The heraldic statistics of the year reveal the creation of seven peers, twelve baronets, sixty-four knights, and eighty companions; while nine new members were sworn of the Privy Council. The title of "Honourable," heretofore appertaining only locally to members of the Executive and Legislative Councils in Colonies having responsible government, is now to be recognised throughout Her Majesty's Dominions. The items above noted, and the Royal Wedding, complete the important heraldic news of the year.

Compared with "Debrett," the "Windsor" is a pocket peerage; but, having regard to its size, the amount of information it contains is equally marvellous. For clearness of arrangement and ready reference it is unsurpassed.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

HOLLAND is one of the last countries in Europe—in spite of Teniers and Jan Steen—which an ordinary man thinks of in connection with that saving salt of human society, humour. The Dutch have many virtues of a solid substantial kind, but the grace of the lips and droll imaginative insight seem to lie a little out of their path. We think of them as a ponderous, phlegmatic race intent on tobacco and tulips, and the masters of a speech which maddens the untrained ear of a stranger. In fact, the "Humour of Holland" is somewhat of an unknown quantity, and its recognition is, in consequence, somewhat languid and dim—at all events beyond the boundaries of the land of dykes and windmills. We can quite understand, however, how it comes to pass that Miss Werner—who writes a sensible introduction to this new volume of the series known as "International Humour"—draws a comparison between the humour of the Netherlands and that of Scotland. The Dutch possess unquestionably a "certain canniness and practical shrewdness" which is characteristic also, and in greater measure, of the Scotch; but we can discover in these pages small evidence of the dry humour which leaps to light in the raucous and vigorous talk of the "knuckle-end of England." Broad farce, of that Holland has a plentiful share; but humour, in the true sense of the term, is largely to seek—at all events, if the extracts contained in this mildly-amusing volume represent the best examples of the national gift in such directions. We are, in truth, disappointed with the book, for it is concerned to a tedious extent with mere facetious pleasantries of little point and no distinction of phrase or suggestion.

The growth of our Empire in the East is strikingly illustrated by "The Hand Atlas of India," which Messrs. Archibald Constable & Company have just published. There are no fewer than sixty coloured maps and plans in this admirable work of reference, and they have been prepared from ordnance and other surveys under the direction of Mr. J. G. Bartholomew. The geological features, temperature, rainfall, density of population, prevailing races, extent of Christian missions, military centres, progress of railway development, and the like, are set forth in special maps. Plans are given of the chief cities and towns, and even Farther India and the Straits Settlements are brought within the compass of the book. We are glad also to find an abstract of the census returns of 1891, with the returns in parallel columns for 1881, so that it is possible to see at a glance the growth of the population in any given part of this vast territory. The maps are clear and reliable, and the scale of the work renders it possible to make the information detailed as well as explicit. In the closing pages of the volume a copious general index—which extends to nearly a hundred pages—will be found, and this, of course, adds greatly to the practical utility of the work.

No better or more scholarly "Introduction to the Greek Testament" could be placed in the hands of young students than the admirable and thoroughly practical manual which Mr. Theophilus Hall—for many years a professor of Lancashire Col-

lege, Manchester—has just prepared. Anyone who in his youth has mastered the initial difficulties of Greek may acquire, with a little pains—even after an interval of neglect—a sound and accurate acquaintance with the text of the New Testament, and the aim of this book is to render such a task as easy as possible. Mr. Hall says with truth that though from a critical point of view the Greek of the New Testament is inferior to that of the great classical models, its simplicity and freedom compensate for its diminished grammatical purity. In order to smooth the course of the beginner a brief but clear exposition of the grammar of New Testament Greek is given, and this is followed by selected portions of the Greek text with explanatory notes. Afterwards the rules of accentuation are unfolded, and the manner in which the optative mood is employed is also stated. The various manuscripts and editions of the Greek Testament are described, and a vocabulary of words which occur in the extracts from it is included in the volume. Mr. Hall has done excellent service by the publication of this able little work, and doubtless young theological students and ministers will find it of great service.

"Round about the Crooked Spire" of Chesterfield lie breezy moorlands and grimy coal-pits, whilst dotted around the countryside are noble mansions, historic houses, and parks which are filled with magnificent trees. This modest volume does not profess to be a guide-book of the kind which gives chapter and verse on every aspect of Chesterfield and its neighbourhood for the benefit of the real or imaginary prospective tourist. It is merely a brightly written sketch of the scenery, the places of interest, and the associations, historical, literary, and social, of north-east Derbyshire. Chesterfield parish church stands high, and its twisted and crooked spire is a landmark for many a mile. It was in this ancient town that Robert de Ferrers, Earl of Derby in the reign of Henry III., raised the standard of rebellion against his Sovereign. In the Civil Wars there was another battle here, and on that occasion the Marquis of Newcastle defeated the Parliamentary troops. Chesterfield was incorporated in the reign of King John, but its annals go back to the days of the Roman invasion. In one of the streets of the town may yet be seen the remains of a hospital for lepers which was founded in the reign of Richard I. The place gave a title to the Stanhope family, and its name grew familiar all over Europe with the advent in society and letters of Philip Dormer, fourth earl. It is not, however, Lord Chesterfield that we instinctively think of in this connection, but a man of deeds, not words, George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, who lived and died at Tupton House. Stock-breeding occupied much of the great but homely engineer's attention in the closing years of his unobtrusive but impressive life. It seems he was accustomed to describe the animals in terms borrowed from his old profession. "I like to see a cow's bulk at a gradient something like this," he would say, giving a sweep with his hand, "and then the ribs or girders will carry more flesh than if they were so, or so," giving another manual indication. Within easy reach of the town of the Crooked Spire lie Bolsover Castle, Hardwick Hall, Chatsworth, and other great houses which are associated not only with history and tradition, but, to some extent at least—at all events this is true of the two former—with the making of England. A few miles away, where the Sheffield road strikes the old turnpike for Worksop, stands a low but picturesque cottage which bears still the name of Revolution House, because it was the place of meeting between the Earl of Devonshire and the Earl of Danby in 1688, when James II. was rapidly coming to the end of his tether. We have said enough to show that this book has slight but real claims to recognition.

The story of a great religious revolt against the formalism of the Greek Church in Southern Russia is impressively told in a remarkable pamphlet on "The Stundists," to which Dr. John Brown, of Bedford, contributes a vigorous preface. The first leader of this religious movement, which began in 1858, three years before the emancipation of the serfs, was a peasant. The Stundists have grown rapidly into a large community of earnest and believing men and women, and they have suffered bitter persecution because of their protest against hypocrisy and evil in every form. They are Protestants who place supreme reliance on the New Testament, and seek to carry out without parade—but without compromise—its teachings. Drastic measures of repression have been taken against them by the Russian clergy and police, and there are passages in their indictment which ought at once to call forth the sympathy and, if possible, the aid of every lover of civil and religious liberty for a community which is passing through bitter and disgraceful indignities and persecutions. The appearance of this pamphlet is opportune, and its plain statement of the actual circumstances of the case justifies Dr. Brown in saying that such facts call for the "indignant protest of every right-feeling man and woman."

Mr. How's "Illustrated Interviews" consist of gossip with and about a number of men of light and leading who have submitted to cross-examination in their own homes in order to gratify the curiosity of the crowd. There is nothing remarkable about the book in the direction of knowledge, insight, or style; but its smart, chit-chat is never ill-natured, nor are its personal revelations indiscreet. Art is represented by Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Stacey Marks, and the Drama by Mr. Irving

* THE HUMOUR OF HOLLAND. Translated, with an Introduction, by A. Werner. Illustrated. (London: Walter Scott, Limited.) Crown 8vo.

CONSTABLE'S HAND-ATLAS OF INDIA. A New Series of Sixty Maps and Plans prepared under the direction of J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.G.S. (London: Archibald Constable & Co.) Crown 8vo.

A FIRST INTRODUCTION TO THE GREEK TESTAMENT. With Notes, grammatical and explanatory, by Theophilus D. Hall, M.A. (London: John Murray.) Crown 8vo.

ROUND ABOUT THE CROOKED SPIRE. By Albert J. Foster, M.A., author of "The Ouse," etc. Illustrated. (London: Chapman & Hall.) Crown 8vo.

THE STUNDISTS: THE STORY OF A GREAT RELIGIOUS REVOLT. Introduction by John Brown, D.D. With Illustrations and Map. (London: James Clarke & Co.) Post 8vo.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS. By Harry How. Illustrations. (London: George Newnes.) Demy 8vo.

THE VAULT OF HEAVEN. By Richard A. Gregory, F.R.A.S. ("University Extension Series.") Edited by J. E. Symes, M.A. (London: Methuen & Co.) 12mo.

and Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Sword and pen—or, shall we say, fact and fiction?—cross the page with Lord Wolseley and Mr. Rider Haggard. The schoolmaster at home, not abroad, confronts us in the person of Mr. Welldon, of Harrow: and peace and war in journalism in Mr. Sala and Dr. W. H. Russell. Last, but not least, the book contains interviews with the late Cardinal Manning and the late Sir Morell Mackenzie; and even this does not exhaust Mr. How's list. We must not omit to mention one of the most interesting in the book, though we can but mention it, for Professor Blackie is too great and too versatile a subject to dismiss in a line. There are many illustrations in the volume; but for our own part we do not relish the intrusion of the camera into private sanctums and drawing-rooms.

Messrs. Methuen have added to their University Extension Manuals "The Vault of Heaven"—an elementary text-book of modern physical astronomy. The avowed aim of the book is to give an elementary account of some of the marvels of the sky which have been revealed by the telescope and two of its most indispensable adjuncts—the spectroscope and photographic camera. Mr. Gregory writes with clearness and care, and he has evidently kept steadily before him the actual wants of young students. The volume contains a number of useful diagrams, and an excellent classified list of astronomical works of reference.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE YEAR'S ART. 1894. Compiled by A. C. R. Carter. (Virtue.)
 REPORT OF A CONFERENCE ON SECONDARY EDUCATION IN ENGLAND, OCTOBER 10 AND 11, 1893. (H. Frowde.)
 THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PRYTS, M.A., F.R.S. Edited by H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Vol. III. (G. Bell.)
 DARRELL CHEVASNEY. By Curtis Yorke. (Jarrold.)
 PICTURESQUE CEYLON. By Henry W. Cave. Colombo and the Kelain Valley. (Sampson Low.)
 THE DAYS OF HIS VANITY. By Sydney Grundy. (Chatto & Windus.)
 METEOROLOGY. By H. N. Dickson. University Extension Series. (Methuen.)
 ENGLISH POETRY. From Blake to Browning. By William Macneill Dixon. (Methuen.)
 FOR HEART AND LIFE. Twenty Sermons. By the Rev. J. A. Kerr Bain, M.A. (Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace.)
 PHYSICAL DRILL OF ALL NATIONS. By A. Alexander, F.R.G.S. (G. Philip.)
 THE STORY OF THE NEW GOSPEL OF INTERPRETATION. Told by its Surviving Recipient (Edward Maitland). (Lawley.)
 GRISELDA. A Society Novel in Rhymed Verse. (Kegan Paul.)
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 AN INNOCENT IMPOSTOR. By Maxwell Grey. Second Edition. (Kegan Paul.)
 RIP VAN WINKLE AND THE LEGEND OF THE SLEEPY HOLLOW. By Washington Irving. (Macmillan.)
 THE TUTORIAL LATIN READER. University Correspondence College Tutorial Series. (Clive.)
 A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Edited by A. W. Verity, M.A. Pitt Press Shakespeare. (Cambridge University Press.)
 THE ELEMENTS OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By Alfred S. West, M.A. Pitt Press Series. (Cambridge University Press.)
 THE CAMBRIDGE COMPANION TO THE BIBLE. (Clay & Sons.)
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 WHAT OUR DAUGHTERS CAN DO FOR THEMSELVES. By Mrs. H. Coleman Davidson. (Smith, Elder.)
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 POEMS AND BALLADS. By Heinrich Heine. Done into English Verse by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. Third Edition. (Blackwood.)
 THE ART OF LIVING IN AUSTRALIA. By Philip E. Musket. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)
 THE POEMS OF WILLIAM BLAKE. Edited by W. B. Yeats. The Muses' Library. (Lawrence & Bullen.)
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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1893.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: YESTERDAY was the eighty-fourth birthday of Mr. Gladstone. The day found him in excellent health, and full of that mental vigour

which has been the wonder and delight of more than one generation. Never before has an Englishman of his ripe age occupied the position he now holds; but this is only to say that never before have we had a Mr. Gladstone. Perhaps it is not surprising that his political opponents, whilst doing justice to his splendid intellectual and bodily powers, should have seized the occasion of his birthday in order to hint at the duty of retirement from the cares of office. But their very anxiety to see him take this step is the best proof that it is only called for in their own party interests. So far as the Liberal party of all sections is concerned, it is only necessary to say that it would regard Mr. Gladstone's retirement at this moment as a national calamity. That he has earned the right to rest all admit; but he has earned also by his unexampled labours and self-devotion the right to the "wages of going on"; and if he feels (as he has every reason to do) that he is capable of retaining his present position, there is no Liberal who will not receive his decision with acclamation. Any relief that can be afforded him in the discharge of his duties will, of course, be provided by his colleagues; but as leader of the Liberal party and central figure in the great fabric of the national policy, he is still, speaking humanly, indispensable, and every follower of his trusts devoutly that this is not the last occasion on which he will have the opportunity of congratulating him upon the passage of another year of successful leadership.

THE Christmas holiday had the advantage of being celebrated in London under unusually favourable circumstances, so far as the weather was concerned. Rarely has so brilliant a Christmas sun shone upon the streets and squares of the metropolis as that which made the great city gay last Monday. But, despite the fine weather, many complaints were to be heard of the badness of the times. The shopkeepers and tradesmen generally were gloomy and depressed, and in a higher social scale there were anxious forebodings and manifold economies. What the future has in store for us no man can say with certainty; but the presence of Christmas has only seemed this week to heighten the existing financial and business depression.

THE reassembling of the House of Commons on Wednesday, after its brief recess, was marked by certain incidents which are not calculated to raise the House as an assembly of gentlemen in the estimation of the world at large. It is the rule that questions are not asked at Wednesday sittings, this custom having been adopted as an act of courtesy to Ministers many years ago. But certain members of the Opposition, with the deliberate desire to show rudeness to the Ministry, and, at the same time, to delay the proceedings on the Local Government Bill, put down on the paper a long series of questions, hardly one of which was of interest or importance. These questions were addressed to almost all the members of the Government, the purpose being to compel them all to be in their places instead of at their offices on Wednesday morning. A more discreditable and vulgar exhibition of mere spite has never been witnessed in the House of Commons. Possibly some of the actors in the sorry business regarded it in the light of a joke; but others—Mr. Chamberlain, for example—were manifestly quite serious in thus prostituting their position as representatives of great constituencies for the purpose of gratifying a puerile resentment. It is amusing to think that the leaders in this disreputable business are accustomed to brag of their connection with "the gentlemanly party," and to affect horror at the alleged vulgarity of some of the Irish members.

NOR was it at question time alone that the Opposition showed how completely they have abandoned the ordinary traditions of Parliamentary courtesy and good manners. When the House got into Committee on the Local Government Bill, the usual obstructive speeches and amendments were indulged in; whilst, as a fresh means of wasting the time, the members who went into the division lobby against the Government purposely delayed as long as possible in passing the tellers, in order to increase the amount of time occupied in the division. It is to these tactics that the Opposition is now reduced in its attempt to bring discredit upon the Ministry it hates. For our part, we cannot pretend to regret that the opponents of the Government should have seen fit to resort to these unworthy tricks and stratagems. From the mere party point of view, nothing better can be desired than that the Opposition should make this exhibition of itself. But it is deplorable to think that, under the leadership of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, a great political party should have sunk to this depth.

WE discuss elsewhere the general state of business in the House of Commons and the evidence which is

accumulating as to the existence of a conspiracy for the purpose of thwarting the will of the nation as it is represented in the present House of Commons. That evidence has been greatly strengthened by the events of the last day or two. It is not surprising that the bulk of the Ministerialists are fast losing patience, or that their demands for the cutting short of the obstructive debates on the Local Government Bill should have become so urgent as to make it impossible for Ministers much longer to resist them. It will probably be necessary to give full licence to those who wish to speak on Clause 19; but when that clause is passed the most controversial portion of the Bill will have been carried, and there can be no reason why the House should not exercise the powers it possesses in order to curtail needless debate on the subsequent clauses. The country will certainly applaud any display of vigour on the part of the Government, provided it is directed to the effectual suppression of the scandalous obstruction now rampant.

THE lamented death of Mr. Edward Stanhope, Secretary for War in the late Administration, has caused a vacancy in the representation of the Horn-castle division of Lincolnshire, for which Mr. Stanhope sat in the last and present Parliaments. We are glad to see that the Liberals of the constituency do not intend to allow the seat to go uncontested. They have every reason to fight, and to fight with a fair prospect of success. Some notable triumphs were gained in Lincolnshire at the last General Election; and, though Mr. Otter was beaten by Mr. Stanhope in the Horncastle division by a majority of nearly seven hundred votes, he had the disadvantage of fighting against an old member and a Cabinet Minister. It will be specially interesting to learn the opinion of the electors of a rural constituency upon the action of the Tory party with regard to the Local Government Bill. When once it has been made clear to the voters that the pretended adhesion of the Conservatives to the principle of that measure was purely hypocritical, we think that the chances of pulling down the majority in the Horncastle division will have become very promising.

As we go to press there is no further definite news of the small party which Major Wilson led across the Shangani in pursuit of Lobengula than there was when we wrote last week. There have been plenty of rumours, and some of these have tended to increase the anxiety which had already begun to be felt. But these have been the merest rumours, and they have been contradictory at that. The positive news from Matabeleland generally encourages inferences which are reassuring rather than otherwise. Mr. Rhodes says the Matabele are coming in in a mood more submissive than they would show if they had knowledge of a disaster inflicted on a British force even so small as Major Wilson's. He declares the road to Palapye to be "as safe as Piccadilly." Dr. Jameson has sent supplies and reinforcements after Major Wilson, as if he felt confident of reaching him; and Major Forbes, Major Wilson's commander, has turned homewards, a step he would hardly take if he shared the sort of apprehensions that have been general during the week at the Cape and in London. There is an explanation, moreover, of the want of news. If Major Wilson, from the spot in which he was last heard of, which was well north of Buluwayo, had made, as is supposed, for Fort Salisbury, it would be over a week, in the present flooded condition of the country, before he could reach a point where communication would be possible again. It would be rash, of course, to be too sanguine, but Major Wilson is an able and experienced officer who knows the country well, and we are inclined to think that the worst that is to be

apprehended for him and his gallant little force is that they are undergoing a severe time from short rations and villainous weather.

THURSDAY afternoon saw two further attempts to deal with the ever-present problem of the unemployed. The deputation from the representatives of Metropolitan vestries to Mr. Gladstone made a suggestion which we do not think has been prominently brought forward before—the construction of State-aided light railways for London to get rid of its refuse, and also, we may suppose, to carry suburban passengers and perishable goods. Unless, however, the vestries are prepared to lay these lines along the roads, the expense will be a very serious difficulty, even with assistance from the State; and Londoners will not stand the risks of a practice which is cheerfully adopted by the populations of Italy and America. The South London Electric Railway, put forward by one of the speakers, is not a very encouraging example for a system which must deal with heavy freight. The report of the Mansion House Committee on the present distress indicates that save in special districts it is not much worse than usual (but this chronic distress, after all, is one of the gravest features of the case), condemns relief works and labour colonies (except under narrow limits), and dwells on the causes—economic, moral, and social—of the problem. On the two latter it proposes the appointment of a special committee—which, at any rate, offers hope for our children's children. There is the inevitable reference to foreign immigration; but we wish it had told us whether the immigrants either come on the rates or really compete with our own artisans. The report deserves minute and careful consideration; but we must not suppose that any safe and speedy remedy is at hand.

THE Indian National Congress, which opened its session on Tuesday, seems to be justifying its existence. It contains delegates from every part of India—even from Madras, though the Congress is held at Lahore. The fighting races are represented as well as those Bengalee baboos whom some people are fond of referring to as the sole type of the educated native; and it is curious to read, in view of the way in which previous Congresses have been treated by Tory organs in England, that the sitting closed with prolonged cheers for the Queen, and that Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, M.P., the president, went off to dine with the Lieutenant-Governor. The presidential address referred hopefully to the growing interest in Indian questions and sympathy with Indian claims. We are afraid the depreciation of silver has a good deal to do with the fact; but year by year the knowledge of Indian affairs increases in England, and if we can only reach an Indian view of Indian questions it will be all the better for our Indian Empire. A prosperous and contented India, according to Mr. Naoroji, could defy six Russias. A really representative National Congress to formulate Indian views on economic problems must go far to secure that end.

MR. ASQUITH, when asked on Wednesday regarding some Anarchist speeches on Tower Hill, pointed out that, while violent language was used, the speakers were careful so to qualify their words that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to convict them of inciting to crime. The speakers, however, were men who were well known to the police, and their proceedings "had been for a long time past, and would continue to be, carefully watched." This answer illustrates the gist of the difficulty of dealing with Anarchist propagandism. The propagandists when they come out into the open air are skilful enough to keep their oratory within the limits permitted by the law, and so long as they do there is no means of touching them for their oratory unless the law is altered. But, in point of fact, we hold—and this we

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

fancy is Mr. Asquith's view—that the mischief is not done by this pruned and gingerly speechifying in the open air. It is in the clubs and conventicles which we refer to elsewhere that Anarchist sentiment is really fomented.

THERE men meet and talk of their insane schemes and glorify their murderous doctrines without restraint, and the whole atmosphere is charged with the influences calculated to work upon heated and unbalanced brains. But these places the law as it at present stands cannot reach. If the law cannot, however, the policemen in plain clothes can; and herein lies the true secret of dealing with Anarchism. Evil though these gatherings undoubtedly are, it is possible that, like thieves' kitchens, they fulfil a useful function. They focus the elements of disturbance, and enable them to be kept more easily under observation. These Anarchist gentry inform on each other very freely, and the police—as in the case of the men mentioned by Mr. Asquith—are generally able to keep their leading persons closely watched, to know of their schemes, and to thwart and prevent them. The suppression of Anarchism, like the suppression of other sorts of crime, is mainly a work for the police, and the best thing for our own and other civilised Governments to do is to make sure that their police service is in every respect efficient.

SOME weeks ago we published an article on "High-Pressure Life," which gave rise to some discussion. It was based chiefly upon a recent lecture of Professor Erb's on the growth of the new nervous disease which he has named neurasthenia. He declares this disease is playing sad havoc amongst the cultured classes and brain-workers generally, and that it is one of the results of modern high-pressure life. We need not say this subject is of peculiar interest to our readers, and we would direct their attention to the article which we publish dealing with the question elsewhere. The writer is one who has singular authority to speak on the subject. He agrees, it will be seen, with Professor Erb, whose conclusions he confirms from his own experience; but what is more consoling, he points out the very simple means by which so great a mischief may generally be averted.

THE terrible experiences of the *Resolution* during the recent heavy gales in the Bay of Biscay afford a very timely and useful object-lesson. The *Resolution* is one of the new battle-ships, built by a first-class firm, equipped with all the appliances that the wit of man can devise, and justly regarded as one of the most powerful men-of-war afloat. Yet it is clear that last week she was in danger of foundering, owing to her want of steadiness in a heavy sea. The *Resolution* is a Naval Defence Act vessel, and there ought to be a close inquiry into the causes which led to her deplorable experiences in the Bay of Biscay. But what are we to say, in the light of those experiences, of the wisdom of the persons who have been attacking the Admiralty because it did not, immediately after the loss of the *Victoria*, lay down a similar ship to take its place? Our naval advisers replied to their critics that they required to await the result of the inquiry into the loss of the *Victoria* before deeming it expedient to proceed to the construction of any new vessels of the same kind. The wisdom of the course they took was obvious, though it did not save them from the sneers of Lord George Hamilton and his friends. Now that one of Lord George Hamilton's own ships has so nearly come to grief on her first voyage, it seems clear that we shall have to inquire into other matters besides the lines of the *Victoria* before extending our programme of shipbuilding. It is obvious that merely to possess a certain number of ships will be of little use to us if those ships are of such faulty design or construction as to be unable to face an ordinary Atlantic gale.

IN the remarkable article in the current number of the *Economic Journal*, to which we refer elsewhere, Mr. W. E. Bear says that low railway rates for agricultural produce must be secured, even if the State has to buy up all the railways to secure them. This drastic remedy is a long way off; but the report of the Select Committee on Railway Rates holds out to the distressed agriculturist but little hope of satisfaction otherwise. It states, indeed, that the companies will shortly return in many cases to the rates charged before the recent rise, and that intaking advantage of the raising of the legal maximum limits under the Act of 1888 they went far beyond the intention of Parliament, and exercised powers as a regular practice which were intended for use only in special contingencies. And it proposes some further measures of relief, involving the power of appeal to the Railway Commission and its reconstruction in the interest of the traders. But the Commission has never had much to do, and it seems improbable that small traders or farmers will resort to it in large numbers, even if it is made to include members who know their requirements. It is clear from the Report that the bulk of the hardship falls on local and non-competitive traffic—largely, therefore, on agricultural produce; and if the small grower is to make headway, something more must be done for his relief.

AN old cartoon representing "The Port of Manchester in 1950" expresses perhaps in the most sententious way the feeling which has, doubtless, been rampant in the hot breasts of thousands of Northerners during these days of the completion and opening of the great Ship Canal. Commerce and pleasure share the glorious scene between them. Great ships move easily within the shadow of the warehouses, and yet leave ample room for the familiar institutions of the seaside resort; while, in the west, Liverpool lies shrivelled and forlorn, disfigured with notices of business quarters "to let." By such means was "the wind raised" in the early days of this enormous enterprise, when the whole project was still in the clouds. Liverpool in her arrogance, and the railway companies which refused to bow down to the ruling powers of the city of Cotton, were to be punished. It is hardly to be wondered at, therefore, that as well since as before the passage of the Act in 1885, these threatened monopolists have made the path of their rivals as difficult as they knew how. And now that (thanks to Mr. Daniel Adamson, Mr. Leader Williams, and Mr. T. A. Walker—to say nothing of the Manchester Corporation and the other subscribers) all financial and engineering difficulties have been surmounted, is it any more likely that the Canal will be lightly allowed to carry off the custom of older undertakings?

THIS, it is to be remembered, is no case of the Suez Canal over again. The competition will be close and stern. The railways running parallel will lower their rates, and Liverpool may be driven to give better dock and station facilities. The North-Eastern, the unfortunate Hull and Barnsley, and the M. S. and L. on the east, may be compelled to follow the example of the L. and N.W.R. and other lines on the west. Considerable apprehension also exists at the north-eastern ports, and merchants and shippers are already considering the situation. All this may be momentarily good for the trader, for the chemical works which make life in Widnes, Runcorn, and St. Helen's horrible to eye and nose, the iron and wire works of Warrington, the Cheshire salt-field, and even for the Wigan, Worsley, and south-west Yorkshire coalfields; but it will be bad enough for the competing companies. The only comfort is that any dislocation of trade will be gradual, and will be spread over a wide area. Alas! that we cannot forecast any early gain for those most concerned—the shareholders. However that may be, the makers of the Canal may congratulate themselves unreservedly. In six years they

have carried through—with some delays and hitches which we can now afford to forget—much the greatest work of its kind in the Kingdom. Engineers and men alike may take pride in their association with an achievement which falls but little below the greatest the world has seen, even if it should not succeed in fulfilling the prophecies of Sir William Fairbairn, by quadrupling the population of Manchester and making her "the first as well as the most enterprising city in Europe."

THE problem of the unemployed, with which we are only too familiar, seems to be equally insoluble in Holland, and even more menacing to public order. The Second Chamber has recently given considerable time to its discussion, but the outcome of the debate has been chiefly negative. Relief works are not to be started by the State, though, if the local authorities like to undertake them, the Chambers are prepared to vote grants in aid. The Amsterdam Municipal Council has formally refused to do anything of the kind, and meetings and processions of the unemployed of that city have recently taken place every day, that of Tuesday last resulting in a rather serious fight with the police, in which at least three persons were badly injured. Arrangements are now in progress, it is said, for a monster demonstration which is to take its rise at the Hague. Companies of the unemployed, numbering fifty or thereabouts, are to march thence in all directions, visiting every village, begging their bread *en route*, and demanding shelter for the night in the schools and public buildings. Bands of music, playing dirges, are to accompany the march; and the "Marseillaise" is to be sung. We do not know if this is a serious project, or only the rhetorical fancy of a Socialist orator. But we can easily imagine that should the processions ever start, the consequences may be very serious indeed—especially in some districts of Friesland, the only agricultural districts in Europe where Socialism appears to have any hold at all. It is significant that some of the banners exhibited in Amsterdam bear legends which directly attack the monarchy. But while the rank and file agitate, their leaders are hopelessly at variance. The Socialist Congress just held at Gröningen has resulted in nothing save a bitter quarrel between the bulk of the party and the best-known and most advanced of Dutch Socialists, M. Domela Nieuwenhuis, who was a notable figure at the Zurich Congress, and is, we believe, already more or less in conflict with the chiefs of the Social Democracy of Germany.

OF Anarchism meanwhile there is little fresh news. Several of the Paris railway stations are said to be threatened; the chief agent in the Barcelona plot, an Italian, has been discovered, together with his accomplices, and has confessed his guilt; and the more pacific and moderate section of the party in Berlin are said to have repudiated the advanced and criminal wing, who propose as far as possible to avoid organisation as dangerous, and to commit solitary and isolated outrages—a proceeding which at once removes them from the category of political offenders into that of mere criminals or criminal lunatics.

THE telegraph this week has informed us of fresh troubles in the vilayet of Angora—due, it is said, to the wholesale arrest of Armenians at Yuzgat by the Turkish authorities for complicity in the murder of an Armenian who was suspected of being a Turkish spy. The Armenians resisted, and took refuge in the church; they were arrested after a severe fight, in which several were killed, and their compatriots then succeeded in rescuing the prisoners. Information that reaches us from a thoroughly trustworthy

source, however, tends to put a wholly different complexion on the affair. The old Vali of Angora has recently been removed and replaced by the former Vali of Sivas, whose creatures were at the bottom of the Marsovan troubles last year, though he himself had been removed from the post. In consequence of the disturbance, he has been recalled to Constantinople: but it was only the natural consequence of his appointment, which can only have been part of a deliberate design to put down the Armenians, and the simplest way to do this was to provoke a rising and then to arrest Armenians wholesale. This seems to have been the plan at Marsovan this year, and the disturbance at Yuzgat is probably the outcome of similar machinations. Here is plenty of work for Sir Philip Currie when he reaches Constantinople. There is every reason to believe that our Foreign Office is well informed as to the course of events; but it need hardly be pointed out how any repetition of the Marsovan scandals must inevitably tend to stimulate Russian intrigue.

THE success of the Italian troops against the Dervishes at Agordat in Abyssinia is hardly likely to profit the new Italian Ministry much. The battle seems to have been well planned and well fought against greatly superior numbers. But the country is in no mood for colonial enterprise, especially of the futile character of the "Erythraean colony," and the fear that the victory might lead to further fighting, and possibly to the permanent occupation of Kassala, has produced a fresh fall in Italian rents. The financial situation, indeed, seems steadily growing worse. The Banca Nazionale has always been regarded as a well-managed institution, yet on the completion of its reorganisation under the new banking law its shares have dropped below par. The fact that the end of the year will find the banks loaded with rapidly-falling Government stock increases the danger of a panic, and it seems certain that industrial and commercial securities of all kinds will be offered for sale, for which there can be but few buyers until the financial projects of the Ministry are known. As to these, all kinds of conjectures are rife. Possibly the burdens on land are to be increased—a far more serious matter in a country of metayer tenants and customary rents than in one where all such burdens fall on the landlord; and as it is, they are far heavier than in any country in Europe. Possibly there are to be further taxes on income or funded property, which will intensify the great want of Italy at present—the want of capital; or the hated grist tax will be renewed; or there will be increased duties on foreign grain (Italy took a great deal of hard Indian wheat some years ago). In Sicily meanwhile the situation is becoming very grave indeed. There are fresh disturbances near Caltanissetta and round Palermo; ten thousand troops are being sent to the island; and the effect produced by Signor Crispi's reassuring telegrams to the local authorities, urging them to arrange a juster division of the *octrois*, has only been temporary.

MEANWHILE one clear and definite issue is at last shaping itself—is the number of army corps to be reduced or not? The Right have a grievance against Signor Crispi for his rejection of their candidate for the Ministry of War, who was in favour of the reduction; and it seems not improbable that there may be a coalition between them and the Extreme Left. In that case Signor Crispi may very likely dissolve the Chamber. In view of that event the Jesuits are, it is stated, moving the Pope to do what we have often pointed out as one of the possibilities of the situation—to send in the Ultramontane vote, now constrained to abstention from national politics. It would be a strange rendering of good for evil if the Vatican were to save the Italian kingdom from

itself. But we can hardly suppose the salvation would be more than temporary, or that the remedy would not be nearly as bad as the disease.

At the end of last week the Prussian Prime Minister reminded those representatives of distressed agriculture who happen to hold office as Landräthe—or let us say as prefects—of an order issued in 1882 forbidding them to take an active part in politics in opposition to the Government. Since then there have been reports of violent dissensions in the Prussian Ministry, due presumably to this order and to the dissatisfaction of some of its members with the policy of the Imperial Government and its supposed hostility, as evinced by the new commercial treaties, to the interests of Prussian agriculture. The breach between the Conservatives and the Chancellor seems complete, and the complications that will arise over the new taxation will be extremely interesting. The tobacco tax seems more unpopular than ever, and a monster petition against it, bearing 995,000 signatures, will be presented when the Reichstag meets—a fact which has much more significance in Germany, which is so backward in political agitation, than it would have in England.

THE Young Czech agitation at Prague has resulted in the murder of an active member of the Omladina, who was recently denounced in the Reichsrath by the Young Czech leader as a police spy, and had been in danger of his life ever since. The event marks a new danger both to Bohemia and the Young Czech movement. If the minor state of siege is to turn political agitation into secret conspiracy, there is little hope either for the satisfaction of the legitimate political aspirations of the Czech people or for the peace of the Austrian Empire.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, etc.

THE election of Mr. Robinson Ellis to the Professorship of Latin at Oxford is none the less satisfactory because it fulfils expectation. Mr. Ellis is known to students of classical antiquity all over the world as a representative of that department of scholarship which has made it possible for mankind to read Greek and Latin books at all—a worthy successor of Scaliger and Madvig and Cobet, an expert in paleography, an ingenious and sympathetic textual critic, and an elucidator by preference of all that is most difficult, strange, and obscure in Latin poetry—such as the "Ibis" attributed to Ovid, or the astronomical poems of Manilius, or the verse of such minor lights of a later age as Orientius and Maximianus. Of his standard commentary on Catullus we need not speak; but his translations of that author into English, in the precise metres (in quantity) line by line, of the original, now buried in the earlier and better volumes of the *Fortnightly* about 1870, are a feat of skill such as is rare indeed even among professed "artists in words." With Professor Bywater representing Greek and Professor Robinson Ellis Latin, Oxford may defy the sneers of the shallow "classical scholars" who believe that her energies are about to be swallowed up in popularising English literature and conducting periodical Extension picnics.

TOYNBEE HALL is no exception to the rule of impecuniousness in social work—which is a little surprising, because, though its influence is of the quietest and subtlest kind, it is known far and wide, and it has behind it, in the Universities, what should be practically boundless resources. The ninth annual report, just issued, reminds

us of the more important principles upon which the residents have acted under the inspiration and guidance of the Warden. "Toynbee Hall was founded, not to be a centre of education, nor a place of entertainment, nor even to promote social reform, but rather to be a club-house in which men who had received the good things of the age might live and make friends among those who had missed these good things. . . . The great thing is that instructed sympathy directs the lectures and classes to meet real needs, commends them by approved friendship, and associates the members in the common search for truth and in the service of their neighbours." We are glad to hear that Mr. Barnett's appointment to the vacant Canonry at Bristol does not involve any break in his connection with Whitechapel.

THE *Economic Journal* is one of the very few specialist publications which are of interest to others besides specialists in the department of knowledge they represent. The present number contains at least four articles of the first importance. Mr. W. E. Bear does not, perhaps, give much comfort to the distressed British farmer, though he does tell us that wheat will not be so low in the near future as it has been of late years, that high railway rates, want of due security for improvements, bad systems of distribution, and want of capital have much to do with English agricultural depression, and that foreign competition in many departments is not so threatening as it looks. Mr. Clem Edwards and Mr. C. M. Percy deal with the coal dispute from the two opposite standpoints: but though their contributions are useful, and the masters' case in particular is stated very forcibly by Mr. Percy, they do not add many facts to our knowledge. But the article of the number is a sociological study of the natural history of the "residuum" by Miss Helen Dendy—an article which should be alarming to literary persons, inasmuch as the *differentia* of the class is taken to be instability of temperament and irregularity of work, and which, though the authoress does not intend it, almost leaves us sympathising with the shiftless, mobile, easy-going, careless vagabond population, which cannot submit to the monotony of regular work and weekly wage. We cannot, however, approve of its method of subsistence as a parasite on the real working classes, eking out its odd jobs by never paying rent, and extracting gifts of food from more fortunate or thrifty fellow-lodgers.

THE death of Mr. Edward Stanhope removes a very estimable figure from our public life. Mr. Stanhope was one of that class of statesmen—capable, conscientious, thoroughly trained, and fully equal to the duties of the lofty posts which they are called on to fill, without shining therein with any conspicuous brilliancy—of whom England has at all times been able to produce an unfailing supply. It is not the least of the guarantees of her political stability. Mr. Stanhope, furthermore, had the less common advantage of belonging to a family in which statesmanship is traditional. He and Lord Rosebery, and his brother Philip Stanhope, who differed from him so completely, were the representatives in present politics of the blood of the Stanhopes and the Pitts. He was a painstaking Minister, and it is a point in his favour that he did not give entire satisfaction to the permanent personages at the War Office. The graceful tributes to his memory which came from both Front Benches reflected the general esteem in which he was held in the House of Commons.

THE Rev. Charles Merivale, D.D., Dean of Ely, was one of the most distinguished of English scholars and historians of the last two generations, and almost the

last of learned Anglican Deans. His great project of re-writing the history of the Roman Empire in a manner more just to the early Church than that of Gibbon came to an end at an early stage, but a fragment of it remains in the valuable "History of the Romans under the Empire," which, if not exactly adequate to modern learning, was at least the best book of its time on the period from Augustus to Vespasian. He had made other valuable contributions to learning, and it is interesting to note that he had played in the first Eton and Harrow cricket match and rowed in the first University Boat Race, sixty-five years ago. Mr. William Watkiss Lloyd was a scholar of great learning and versatility, whose best work was, perhaps, given to the history of Greece and her art. Sir George Elliot, M.P., who had been identified with the colliery industry in all its phases, will be best remembered by the scheme—magnificent, but dangerous—for the Socialisation of coal-mining which we noticed some weeks ago. Mr. Henry Pettitt had acquired considerable fame as a practical Adelphi dramatist. Mr. W. F. Woodington, A.R.A., who had begun life as an engraver and won distinction as a sculptor, had executed the bas-reliefs on the Wellington monument, and one of those on the Nelson column. M. Victor Schoelcher, the friend of Armand Barbès and a revolutionist under Louis Philippe, was the chief agent in the abolition of slavery in the French colonies when an Under-Secretary in the Revolutionary Government of 1848. Of late years he had amassed valuable art collections, which he has divided between various public institutions. M. Victor Considérant had been one of the most active disciples of Fourier, the Socialist, and had made many attempts to establish phalansteries in Europe and America. Miss Tucker, well known as "A. L. O. E." in the early years of the present generation, as a provider of "Sunday books" for the children of evangelical families, had devoted herself to Zenana missionary work at an advanced age, and had been engaged in it in the Punjab for the last seventeen years.

THE CONSPIRACY IN PARLIAMENT.

THE growing desire of the Liberal party that no further quarter should be given to obstruction is not a matter that can be safely ignored by Ministers. Parliament, after the briefest of Christmas recesses, is again hard at work, and the reports of the proceedings so far show that both the temper and the tactics of the Opposition are growing steadily worse. Nor are we left in any sort of doubt as to the intentions of the opponents of the Government. Even if there were no moments of indiscretion on the front Opposition bench, when a chance word throws a flood of sinister light upon the Tory policy, the enemies of Liberalism, through their organs in the Press, are making full confession of their purpose. The House of Commons is at this moment in session not because there was any real necessity for keeping up the debates upon the Local Government Bill until now, but because the Opposition has sought to wear out the determination of the Government by an unexampled use of the weapon of obstruction. Unable to beat Ministers in argument, and inferior to them in strength in the division lobby, they are trying to defeat them and to thwart the policy of the country by a resort to a fatal procrastination. This has been their purpose ever since the new Parliament began its work. Every step that Ministers have taken in order to redeem their pledges to the electors has been hindered and obstructed by those whom the country at the General Election deprived of power. The nation can hardly fail to realise the fact that it stands face to face

with a gigantic conspiracy, the object of which is to secure for the minority those advantages which the Constitution decrees shall belong to the majority alone. And this conspiracy is at work not merely in the House of Commons, but in the House of Lords. In the latter House, indeed, its operations are open and unashamed. The proposals which the House of Commons, after careful consideration, has at length adopted, are ruthlessly trampled upon by the Tory peers whenever they reach the Upper Chamber. It is surely an unexampled spectacle that is presented to the country at present. In the House of Commons measures are being fought, not by argument or votes, but by the shameless abuse of Parliamentary forms of procedure, and the work of the Ministry is thus thwarted and hindered at every turn. In the House of Lords the great Tory reserve force lies in wait for any piece of Liberal legislation which succeeds in overcoming the traps and pitfalls laid for it by the minority in the House of Commons, and it is straightway either maimed or slain outright in the name of the privileges of the Peers.

Let anyone survey the history of the Parliamentary year which closed yesterday, and he will be constrained to admit that we have drawn no exaggerated picture of the truth. The House of Commons met exactly eleven months ago, on the 31st of January. The first part of the session lasted, with brief recesses at Easter and Whitsuntide, until the 22nd of September. Then came an autumn holiday of barely five weeks, and now the House has again been in session for just two months. Taking all the recesses together, they barely amount to two out of the eleven months during which Parliament has been sitting. What have we got in exchange for these nine months of continuous labour? If we put aside small measures of a non-controversial character, we are compelled to answer the question in one word—nothing. That is to say, up to this moment not one of the Bills which are demanded by the majority of the electors of the United Kingdom, to which Ministers are pledged, and which have the hearty support of their followers in the House of Commons, has yet become law. Let this fact duly sink into the mind of the public, and there will be no difficulty in convincing the country of the reality of that great conspiracy against the Constitutional rights of the nation of which we have spoken. Nobody even pretends that the fault lies with Ministers. Their opponents, indeed, openly blame them, not for having attempted too little, but too much. Nor is the Ministerial party in the House of Commons responsible for its failure to redeem its promises to the electors. By common consent it is acknowledged that no Government ever had a body of more loyal and self-sacrificing supporters than the present Government has; the majority has shown, indeed, an almost unexampled loyalty to its leaders and devotion to its duties. Neither with it nor with Ministers themselves does the blame for the barrenness of the legislative year rest. It rests solely with the men who, to serve their own partisan purposes, have organised a conspiracy the success of which must mean the downfall of Parliamentary government and Constitutional liberty in this country. Tory commons and Tory peers have banded themselves together to secure a common object; and they have adopted as their common motto the words, "The will of the people shall not be done." With what success they have hitherto carried on their conspiracy will be shown by a glance at the history of the year. Ministers devoted themselves to three Bills among the many which they laid upon the table of the House—the Home Rule Bill, the Employers' Liability Bill, and the Local Government Bill. The Home Rule Bill was introduced on February 13th, and after being debated at much greater length than

any measure ever before laid before the House of Commons, was finally carried on September 1st. The Lords, as we know, rejected it contemptuously after a few days of debate—chiefly irrelevant. The Employers' Liability Bill was explained by the Home Secretary on February 20th; but, owing to the obstruction of the Home Rule Bill, was not sent up to the House of Lords until a few weeks ago. The peers inserted amendments which would have destroyed its usefulness, and to which the House of Commons refused to assent. The Bill is now awaiting further consideration by the House of Lords when that House meets next month. The Local Government Bill was introduced by Mr. Fowler on March 21st. It also was stifled by the artificial prolongation of the Home Rule debates during the ordinary session. For the past two months it has been the principal measure under debate in the House of Commons. But despite the fact that it is professedly accepted by the Opposition, who did not even divide against the Second Reading, clause 19 has not yet been added to the Bill in Committee. The conspiracy which was carried on against the Home Rule Bill has been renewed against the Local Government Bill, and the Government are still striving to force it through the obstacles which a factious—and, in this case, dishonest—Opposition have interposed in its path. Of its fate when it reaches the House of Lords we do not pretend as yet to speak.

These facts speak for themselves. They show that any popular Government in this country has now to reckon with two great anti-popular forces—an unscrupulous party of Obstructionists in the House of Commons, and an overwhelming majority of the House of Lords. So far as the House of Lords—the second line of the reactionary army—is concerned, Ministers by themselves can do nothing. They can only wait until the time comes to lay the popular case against that House before the electors of the United Kingdom. But the Government are by no means powerless against the conspiracy in the House of Commons. They were able to defeat that conspiracy in the case of the Home Rule Bill, and if anyone now blames them for their action in connection with that matter, it is not because they acted too soon or with too great severity, but because they did not act still sooner and with yet greater vigour. Is it too much to ask them now to assert their strength, and to secure for the majority not only in Parliament, but in the country, the rights to which it is indubitably entitled? If any man amongst them is afraid that the firm and vigorous application of the closure may create a prejudice against Ministers in the constituencies, he may be reassured. No Ministry, whether Liberal or Conservative, has yet suffered in public esteem because it has refused to allow the will of Parliament, or, in other words, the will of the nation, to be balked by the abuse of Parliamentary forms. The one sin in a Government which the country will not forgive is the sin of allowing itself to be beaten by the tactics of a minority. Does anybody imagine that the voters in the rural districts, who see in the Local Government Bill the realisation of hopes cherished for years, would be reconciled to the loss of that measure by the explanation that it had been lost because the Tory members obstructed it in a way as scandalous as it was artful? The rural voter, we may depend upon it, holds that a Ministry with a majority behind it has no right to allow itself to be beaten by an Opposition which cannot outvote it; and he will accept no excuse, however just it may be, as a satisfactory explanation of such a defeat. The question rests for the moment with the Government. That they will be strongly sup-

ported in any line of action they may take for the purpose of putting down a deliberate conspiracy against the rights of Parliament and the country is known to everybody who knows how feeling is running at this moment in the House of Commons. But if anything effectual is to be done it must be done quickly. The sands in the glass are flowing rapidly, and we have to think not only of the session whose fruit is still to be gathered, but of that coming one from which yet another harvest is expected.

ANARCHISM IN LONDON.

A GENERAL conference of Anarchist "comrades" was held this week, we understand, at the Club Autonomie, in Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road. Reporters were not admitted, but the comrades communicated to the press a manifesto, or statement of policy, which is apparently intended as their New Year's announcement. In truth it is an unenlightening document, from whose turgid rhetoric we get only one positive fact—that the gentlemen in our midst in Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, make no pretence of being merely "scientific" or theoretical Anarchists. They are the real thing. "In a struggle like this," they declare, "we hold that all means, however desperate, are justifiable." A contributor to the *New Review*, who writes as if he had some access to police information, tells us a good deal more about the members of Club Autonomie and our London Anarchists generally, as to whom the Home Secretary was again questioned on Wednesday. His particulars are extremely suggestive. These men, he says, are practical Anarchists in every sense; they are ready to prey upon each other as well as on society. The Autonomies recently, while their club was undergoing some repairs, were offered the hospitality of the Grafton, a club of Socialists. There was a little friction before the hospitality was over, and when the Autonomies returned to their own premises they revenged themselves in what the writer calls a characteristic way. In other words, they burgled the Grafton one night, carrying off all that was valuable and portable, and smashing the rest. Though the Graftons are only Socialists, it is equally against their principles to appeal to the police, so they had simply to grin and bear this unfraternal plundering.

According to the writer, the Anarchists in London are recruited mainly from the criminal classes—"reckless ruffians, fugitives from foreign justice, habitual criminals, or candidates constantly qualifying for imprisonment by the commission of all kinds of commonplace crime." The French ones are mostly long-firm swindlers; the Italians were addicted in their own country to breaking into churches and stealing church plate, "a line of business they would still like to follow over here"; the Germans are the worst and most advanced—pupils and followers of Most, who have gone far beyond him and for whose "destructive bloodthirstiness" even the *Freiheit* was too mild. A number of our foreign Anarchists are *souteneurs*—the bullies of the wretched foreign women who tread the *pavé* between Soho, Regent Street, and Portland Place. "These poor forlorn, despised creatures associate themselves readily with such ruffians, because they are lonely and love to hear the familiar language of their homes"—a pathetic sentence, by the way, which flashes upon us an idea of the martyrdom of that class whose type Mr. Lecky has called the blighted high-priestess of humanity, the scapegoat for the sins of society.

One of the most interesting questions in connection with Anarchism is how far the bomb-throwing, the "*propagande par le fait*," of these practical men is a resultant of the theories of the idealists. The writer in the *New Review* declares that the one has created, or is distinctly responsible for, the other. "It was such visionaries as Elisée Réclus, such fanatics as Prince Krapotkine, who really inspired Ravachol and Pallas." But the fact that the practising Anarchists are men of the inveterate criminal type above described—predatory criminals, habitual criminals—would seem to militate against this supposition. They are at the very opposite pole from men like Réclus and Krapotkine, who, in spite of their theories, are pure-minded and unselfish dreamers, men who have often, as Krapotkine has, made the noblest sacrifices for their opinions. The sophisms of scientific Anarchism, the conceptions of a Utopia to which even our own Auberon Herbert is devoted, can have but little concern for the burglars and cut-throats who foregather in the neighbourhood of Soho. The writer in the *New Review* admits this. The rank-and-file of Anarchism, he says, "are troubled with no philosophic scruples" and no "abstract love of a cause." Yet the fact remains that in the writings and speeches of the Anarchist rank-and-file, in their *Freiheits* and *Commonweals*, their harangues in Trafalgar Square, in the manifesto issued by them this week from the Club Autonomie, the ideas of the theorists form the leading part. These ideas, in fact, furnish the food from which the propaganda by word, of which the propaganda by deed is only a species of emphasis, derives its principal sustentation. The connection between the two forms of Anarchism clearly exists; but the ramifications of cause and effect are not so simply distinguishable as they often are between the words and deeds of political revolution. Hitherto the "men of action," whom terrorist propagandas have produced, have been of the fanatical rather than the criminal type, and it is noteworthy that such propagandas have hitherto been in connection with nationalist or political rather than social movements. Mazzini justified political assassination, and Italian Revolutionists, prepared to act, and not merely speak, in that faith, were men who believed they were serving their country. Irish Dynamiters and Russian Nihilists are of a similar type. They are ready to commit murder, but they commit it for the sake of an idea—for which, moreover, they are willing to sacrifice themselves. They have all, probably, the criminal kink in their brains, but the fanatical predominates. Anarchism is thus distinguished from other forms of revolution in that its leading practitioners are criminals pure and simple. There is nothing self-sacrificing about the Ravachols and Vaillants. They are driven on by the abnormal egotism of the criminal temperament, and vainglory takes the place of devotion to a cause in urging them to recklessness. Other terrorists have been patriots or enthusiasts first and criminals afterwards. Those of Anarchism are criminals to begin with, who find in Anarchism a new and exciting field for the gratification of appetites which it has been the secular effort of society to repress.

It is this combined appeal to visionary aspirations and criminal instincts which gives to Anarchism its peculiar force. The appeal, moreover, is universal in a way which that of no political movement could be. It draws support from, and it infects in turn with its savage virus, every form of discontent in every country. From each it attracts the most desperate and impatient recruits. It is, as we have already said, the Frankenstein-monster of Socialism—a fact of which the relations between the Grafton and Autonomie clubs is a curious illustration. Nihilism is another of its close connexions. In theory, Nihilism, or Nothingism,

is Anarchism itself. Turguénieff's Bazaroff, who gave the name to the tribe, was a Social Anarchist rather than a political revolutionary. Another writer in the *New Review* declares that the Nihilists who are fêted in London by many reputable folk are a far more formidable danger and a more likely source of international complications than the mere obvious manufacturers of explosive saucepans. "Behind every group of Anarchists in London," he says, "stand some of the Nihilist teachers." Thus does this horde of human wild beasts organise itself, preparing to descend upon civilisation; for no warfare upon individual tyrants, who are hard to get at, but upon society itself, upon the next person in the street, upon the human race—the many-headed "bourgeois": every person who is not an Anarchist (including—irony of fate!—the Socialists themselves) coming under that opprobrious name. With its new informer-eluding plan of fostering individual initiative, there will probably be some more ugly work before this evil is stamped out. But society is well prepared for it. At bottom it is a police business, and the police throughout the world on the threshold of 1894 seem to be fully alive to the situation.

THE CHANCES OF A CONFLAGRATION.

THE year closes amid fewer actual alarms and rumours of impending war than we have often had to chronicle in a single week. But this comparative quiet is deceptive. The alarm has become settled and chronic. Continental Europe, as the result of the Franco-Russian *fêtes*, is more than ever definitely divided into two great camps; and in spite of Sir Charles Dilke's reported dictum to the effect that the Triple Alliance cannot be regarded as stable, it may prove to have sufficient stability—in the phrase of the German military party—to initiate a defensive war beyond the frontiers of its components. France is passing through a period of unwonted domestic tranquillity, but there are plenty of causes of quarrel with ourselves alone—not to speak of the apprehension felt along the South Eastern frontier, or the advent to power of Signor Crispi. But the other member of the Dual Alliance is more than suspected of fresh designs on the Bosphorus; Servia and Armenia again offer promising fields for her intrigue; and the tariff war with Germany may easily be fertile in "frontier incidents" and occasions of a general European explosion. It is not over yet; and if the Prussian squirearchy have their way, peace will not be made at all. Next spring, moreover, the military manoeuvres of all the great Continental Powers will be in progress at about the same time. Spring is pre-eminently the time for war-scares; and though we readily acquit the Sovereigns of Europe and their advisers of any desire to precipitate the general conflagration—even though the temptation must be very strong to the scientific student of tactics to seek a solution of the many problems which can only be solved on the battlefield—we cannot suppose that any Power seriously wishes for the outbreak of a war whose course and outcome no man can fore-shadow or imagine. All that is certain about it is that it will exhaust the Old World, to the profit of the New—perhaps also, as Mr. Pearson's speculations indicate, to the profit of the older and lower civilisations of the East. We do not expect any deliberate challenge of destiny by any of the Great Powers; but we do apprehend that when all the materials for an explosion are ready, and sparks are flying from all kinds of surfaces of friction, the explosion is very

likely indeed to occur. It may not come in the spring; but the universal conviction that it must come sooner or later is just the state of feeling that renders it unavoidable.

Moreover, it must be remembered that there are strong reasons for supposing that a war is the readiest method of cutting the financial tangles in which the world is at present involved. It would release not only the war treasure now in the vaults at Spandau, but the stores of gold that so many Continental countries—reverting, in defiance of Adam Smith, to the practice of the mercantile system—have managed to lay up in reserve. It would stimulate to an extent unparalleled in history the production of the new countries, which are suffering so severely from commercial depression—of Argentina, North-Western America, the New South of the American Union, and, in a less degree, India and the East. We should hear no more of the appreciation of gold, and little for the time of bimetallism. It is true that these temporary alleviations would be paid for in the end by worse depression and greater suffering still on the part of the capitalist and the producer alike. But the financial world is concerned rather with the immediate and temporary; and it is a fact that the financial relief that a war would now give to the world has been openly assigned in Italy and elsewhere as one reason for a warlike solution of the difficulties which now beset that unfortunate kingdom in particular, and the rest of Europe in only a less degree. It is true that the war would not turn to the profit of the Continental Bourses—that it would shift the banking centre of the world more definitely than ever to London; or it might even—as Mr. Bagehot, we think, once predicted—remove it altogether to New York. But finance is, after all, cosmopolitan.

Where, then, is the explosion to come from? We have been inclined of late to look to the embarrassments of Italy as the great danger of Europe. As yet the complexion and the conduct of Signor Crispi's Ministry do not altogether justify this view. Italy, on the brink of agrarian revolution, cannot face war deliberately—not even as an excuse for bankruptcy; and her economic troubles are more likely to upset the dynasty, or disintegrate the kingdom, perhaps by bringing in the Ultramontane voters to restore the financial equilibrium. But there is ample material, as we have said, both in Serbia and Armenia, as well as at Constantinople, for embarrassments and complications which may set Europe ablaze; there has been an epidemic of Parliamentary crises all over the Continent, which, in the German Empire and Austria at any rate, is only a foretaste of the future; Socialism is everywhere making way—but is not effacing national antipathy—and there is the eternal problem of the unemployed and the red spectre of Anarchism. What wonder that a war should be looked forward to with sombre acquiescence as a means of clearing the air? Europe is in far worse case now than when the blessings of peace were so fiercely denounced by the embittered hero of Tennyson's "Maud." The blots in our industrial civilisation which he enumerated have become the commonplaces of the lesser kind of Socialist; and the European equilibrium is kept up at a cost of work and anxiety which did not enter into his gloomiest dreams—a cost far exceeding the suffering that would be caused by a short and sharp conflagration. But the next conflagration, unlike the wars of the last thirty-five years, will assuredly not be short. Perhaps the best safety of Europe is, after all, in the knowledge of this fact, combined with the paralysis which domestic trouble and financial stringency seem to be forcing on the great Continental Powers. But

meanwhile the nations drift on, expecting a crisis and making predictions which are only too likely to bring about their own fulfilment. One practical lesson, at any rate, we may take to heart; let us make haste with our own domestic reforms while we have time or thought for anything else than the chances of actual warfare.

THE YEAR'S BUSINESS.

THE year just drawing to a close has been one of the most disastrous of recent times. In April and May there was one of the greatest banking crises in Australia that have ever been known. It began with the failure of one bank in January, but it was not until three months later that it became really serious. Then almost all the Australian banks known in London, with the exception of three, suspended. Trade of every kind throughout the Colonies was thrown out of gear; immense numbers of people lost employment, and the credit of the Colonial Governments seriously suffered. Scarcely was the collapse over when the currency crisis in the United States became acute. Early in June the Clearing House Banks in New York and in most of the leading cities agreed to excuse one another from paying in cash. They pooled their resources and issued Clearing House certificates, which they agreed to take from one another in settlement of debt instead of cash. The arrangement lasted for months; and as depositors all over the country withdrew their deposits and hoarded their money, the banks were unable to give to their customers the usual accommodation. As a consequence, factories and workshops were closed in immense numbers, and unusually large numbers of workpeople were thrown out of employment. Congress was compelled by all this to repeal the Sherman Act, and happily European capitalists stepped in in time to prevent an utter breakdown. They bought American securities upon a large scale, and they lent between 8 and 10 millions sterling in gold to assist the banks and the railway companies in their extremity. The crisis happily came to an end, but it has left behind widespread distrust, paralysis of business, and great distress. While all this was going on there was a ruinous fall in silver. The Indian Government became alarmed, and closed its mints, and all the silver-using countries were seriously hit. In South America the year has seen various attempts at revolution in Argentina; but the Government has finally triumphed, and appears to be stronger than ever before. In Brazil for some months there has been a civil war between the army and the navy. In Europe Greece has become bankrupt; the difficulties of Italy are growing more and more serious every day, and the enemies of that country are predicting with glee that she also will have to declare herself insolvent before many months are over. In Spain the crisis continues, although bankers predict that they will save her from bankruptcy. Here at home the last few months of the year have witnessed a Trust crisis.

Although there is widespread distrust as a consequence of so many disasters, and although the City is perhaps less hopeful than it has been for many a year, we are inclined to think that the prospects for the immediate future are far brighter than most people are disposed to allow. For three years the world has been passing through a grave crisis. Speculation in all its forms has been put an end to; liquidation has been going on; and in the meantime the thrifty classes have been saving as usual. Here at home we are convinced that the liquidation of the bad business accumulated between

1886 and 1890 is now practically at an end. The Trust crisis, it is true, is not altogether completed, but it is so nearly so that all well-informed observers know what to expect. Meantime, as already said, the savings of the country have been accumulating, while there has been no waste through unwise company-mongering or lending to bankrupt countries. The labour difficulties, too, are nearly settled. We may hope that there will be no renewal of the coal strike, and there is nothing to suggest any other quarrel of that kind on a large scale. Lastly, the stocks of commodities of all kinds have been allowed to grow smaller and smaller during the last three years. As business was declining, and prices were falling, everybody felt that it would be prudent to limit as much as possible his purchases. Consequently traders hold smaller quantities of stocks than they usually do, and even a small increase in the demand must compel them to replenish their stocks, and that will give a stimulus to every kind of industry. At home, then, we are inclined to think that the crisis is practically ended, and that we are now about to see a period of reviving prosperity. It will be slow and gradual, especially at first, but it will be all the safer because of that. And abroad there are symptoms, too, of revival. The production of gold in South Africa has increased year after year, and everything seems to show that it will increase still further in the early future. During the past three years there has been little inclination on the part of British investors to lend largely to the gold-mining companies. But now that we have reason to hope for a recovery of confidence, money will be forthcoming for every well-considered purpose; and as the output augments, South Africa will be able to buy more and more largely of our commodities. Besides—and this is a most material thing to bear in mind—the large addition that is being made to the stock of gold in the world tends of itself to raise prices. For twenty years past we have seen an almost continuous fall in prices because of the small output of gold; now that the production is increasing, we may hope for a reversal of the process.

In Argentina, too, there has been much ground regained. For nearly four years no fresh debt has been incurred by the country; speculation has been stopped; the loafers of the towns have been compelled to migrate to the country; the area under cultivation has been extended, and consequently the economic condition of the country is better now than it ever has been before. The present Government, too, appears to be honest. It is, perhaps, not as competent as might be desired; but, at all events, it is neither wasteful nor corrupt, and it has succeeded at last in inducing Congress to approve the settlement of the debt arranged last June with the Rothschild Committee. It is understood that the Government means now to settle the claims of the guaranteed railways. When that is done, a very important step will have been taken to restore the credit of the country. Elsewhere the outlook is not so promising. We much fear that the consequences of the banking crash in Australia will be felt for some time yet. But even Australia will rapidly recover when the London Money Market is more prepared to give assistance. In the United States, too, such a crisis as has been experienced leaves after it exhaustion for a while, and the tariff reform will prevent any material activity in trade for a time. But by-and-bye there will be a revival in the United States also. The population is so energetic and industrious, and the resources are so vast, that depression will not last very long. The two really unfavourable influences are the fear of war upon the Continent, and the financial difficulties of the Indian Govern-

ment. A great war would, of course, upset all calculations, although even war gives an impetus to certain kinds of industries. But if war is avoided, there is every reason to hope that the New Year will be a more prosperous and satisfactory one than any of the three that have immediately preceded it.

FINANCE.

BUSINESS of all kinds has been almost at a standstill throughout the week. Monday and Tuesday were Bank Holidays, and Monday next will be New Year's Day. Very many have been away from the City, and those who attended have been engaged rather in closing up past transactions than in entering into new enterprises. On Wednesday the fortnightly Stock Exchange Settlement began. The account to be arranged was a small one, but still the attention of members was absorbed by it. Moreover, money was scarce and dear, borrowers having to pay to bankers from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and sometimes even more. The leading operators for the moment are more hopeful than they were respecting the future; but they are still inclined to wait upon events, especially as several circumstances have combined quite recently to damp their courage. The Continental Bourses have been decidedly weak, and there are fears that there may be some troubles in Paris and Berlin at the coming liquidation. Since Christmas, as before, Italian Rentes have been sold in very large quantities both by French and by Italian holders. Much of the selling, at all events, is, however, speculative. There has been a further fall, likewise, in Greek bonds, and the outlook for Greece is far from satisfactory. There are hopes that M. Tricoupis may reconsider his policy. If he does not, the markets of England and Germany will be closed against the country, and she will be compelled to look to France alone for assistance in the future. That involves grave political dangers. In the United States two railway companies have had to apply for Receiverships. It has been known ever since Midsummer that the Atchison and Topeka Company was in difficulties. Till the last moment it had been hoped that advances might be obtained in London and in New York; but the death of Mr. Magoun, the Chairman of the Finance Committee, defeated those hopes. Since then a Receiver has been appointed for the New York and New England Company likewise. It has been embarrassed ever since Mr. McLeod obtained control for the Philadelphia and Reading Railway. The latter, it will be recollected, has for months been in the hands of a Receiver, and it is not surprising that the New York and New England should share the same fate.

As yet there are no signs of an improved demand for the India Council's drafts. On Wednesday it offered for tender 50 lakhs of rupees. Less than half a lakh was applied for, and little more than a tenth of a lakh was allotted, the price for the remainder not having been up to the minimum fixed by the Council. Afterwards, however, by special contract, there was a further very small sale. Nine months of the financial year have now elapsed and the Council has been able to sell not quite $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling worth out of about $18\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling which it requires to pay in London this year. There are hopes that the demand for the drafts will increase now. Usually exports from India are on a large scale from the beginning of November until the beginning or middle of May. This year, however, the exports have been unusually small; but it is natural to assume that India must sell a considerable amount of her produce, even though she has kept it back so much longer than usual. It seems only too certain, however, that the Council will have to borrow largely under the new Act. As has been the case for a month or so back, there has been a strong demand for money in the

City this week. It is purely temporary, however, mainly in connection with the usual requirements at the end of the year. The Bank of England lent largely at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and in the open market loans were made at from 3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. But as the impression is very general that money will be cheap and abundant in a week or two, the discount rate was weak at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

NEURASTHENIA.

THE recent discussion in the columns of THE SPEAKER on "High-Pressure Life" shows that there are two very opposite views of the prevalence in modern days of the type of disease which has been recently known as "Neurasthenia." To an outsider it seems strange that it should be so. How can we reconcile the statement of Professor Erb, than whom no higher and more generally reliable authority on nervous diseases exists, that neurasthenia is all-prevalent, daily increasing in frequency, and causing incalculable mischief, with the undeniable fact that it is a disease little known to the medical profession, of which no better evidence can be given than that in "Quain's Dictionary of Medicine," one of the most recent and best medical works of reference, no mention of it is even made?

The explanation of this discrepancy is probably that the disease is practically limited to the cultured classes. The general state of nervous breakdown which is known as "Neurasthenia," although the name is one which leaves a good deal to be desired, is rarely seen in hospital practice, and it is from hospital practice that our writers on medicine gain their experience. It is the people who work their nervous systems overmuch, not those who toil with their bodies, who suffer from it. It may well be doubted if it is much seen even in special hospitals entirely devoted to diseases of the nervous system, since the patients frequenting them are rarely brain-workers. Even when it is well developed it presents forms of so protean a character, it so shatters the general health, and produces such varying groups of symptoms, that it may deceive the very elect, and fail to be traced to its true nervous source. If this is not so, how comes it that a confirmed neurotic of this type, whose means are sufficient, has such a record to show? There is no drug he has not tried, no eminent physician he has not consulted, no health resort he has not visited. He counts his doctors by the dozen, and his last state is generally worse than his first. It would not be fair to blame the medical profession for not sufficiently recognising a disease which even their works of reference do not describe. There are many examples in medicine of the precise nature of an illness being overlooked, which has been classified, theorised on, and treated as something very different from what it really is, and only properly appreciated after its true nature, causes, and symptoms have at last been pointed out.

But that it is a very common nineteenth-century illness is beyond any doubt. Let any reader think over his acquaintance, and he will certainly call to mind some such case of chronic invalidism—bed-ridden or nearly so, always at death's door but never dying, a misery to himself, a constant source of anxiety, expense, and trouble to his family, a wasted and a wretched life. Probably the disease is more common in some countries than in others. Even in Germany, where patients are theoretically believed to be of the type rather opposed to the nervous, the statements of Professor Erb show it to be of very frequent occurrence. In the United States, as the writings of Weir Mitchell show, it appears to be constantly met with. In this country the majority of cases occur, according to the experience of the writer, in the centres of nervous strain, much more often in large manufacturing and business communities—such as Glasgow, Liverpool,

or Manchester—than elsewhere. In women, who are no doubt much more frequently affected than men, the illness, for want of more general knowledge of its true nature, is classed as "hysteria," by that being meant something indicating mental weakness, something within the power of the patient to control and avoid. In a large majority of cases nothing could be more unjust or untrue. Typical cases of neurasthenia rarely occur in weak-brained or silly women, but rather in active-minded, highly-strung, and clever people, with a physical organisation far too delicate for the nerve-power which works it, and who have broken down because they have strained to meet their ideal of work, in spite of many warnings to relax. Beyond any question it occurs largely in men as well as in women, and apparently with increasing frequency. Such male neurotics are by no means most often mental workers pure and simple, such as university students, men of science, and the like, but much more frequently men who have had anxiety and strain as well as mental work, such as merchants, stockbrokers, and so on.

What the general public may reasonably be interested in is not the nature and diagnosis of nervous breakdown, but its causes, so that proper preventive measures may be taken. In the experience of the writer it is not work alone which does mischief, but work plus something else. The examples of enormous brain-work successfully and continuously carried on, without any detriment to the worker, are far too numerous to be contested. With perfect physical health and a contented and easy mind, no amount of work can be too great. Perhaps "work + worry" would be the most concise formula to express the common cause. It is rare, indeed, to see a case in which something beyond mere work cannot be traced; money anxieties, domestic afflictions, and the like, are almost invariably found. It is the constant effort to continue work after illness has begun that does the mischief. If the history of any case is traced, it will be found that at its beginning there were many warnings, gentle at first, more marked as these were neglected, which, if attended to at first, would have averted disaster. Restless nights, constant headaches, irritable temper never before shown, and many such evidences of a bow too tightly and continuously strung, are always present. If Nature's behests are attended to before it is too late, then all will be well; if Nature is fought, the patient will most surely not be the winner in the strife, for the laws of Nature may not be broken. If these simple truths were properly appreciated—and they are only very simple common sense—many a breakdown would be averted. It is a comparatively easy matter to prevent neurasthenia; it is a very much more difficult thing to cure it when it has once developed.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.*

THE Home Secretary has announced his intention of appointing additional women factory inspectors, and if anyone has any doubt as to the need of the change he has only to read the excellent report just presented to the Royal Commission on Labour. The ladies appointed have gone to work laboriously and systematically. Any prepossessions they had were in favour of extending the sphere of women's employment. The old-fashioned argument about unwomanising women receives from them scant—perhaps too scant—shrift. Yet they have presented a picture of disorganisation, grinding poverty, overwork, and even actual retrogression, which will alarm the Candides of our old friend the Cobden Club. If we are all

* Reports by Miss Eliza Orme, Miss Clara Collet, Miss May Abraham, and Miss Margaret Irwin, Lady Assistant-Commissioners to the Labour Commission. 1893.

Socialists now, our Socialism has not gone far down in the body politic. It has scarcely touched the woman worker. And yet, little as the State has done, it alone has done anything. The religious people, who have obtained much influence over the girls, teach them exploded doctrines of obedience and content which are a firm barrier against trades unionism. The women themselves have shown hardly any power of combination for their mutual betterment. They work, for the most part uncomplainingly, under conditions which no man would stand, and hence it comes that a bad employer always prefers women to men. One hesitates to consider what might have happened to the women of England if the Factory Acts had not been passed. And even now the State must not expect to get much help from the women themselves in trying to secure that the Acts are properly enforced. But try the State must. What is the use of shivering with Dr. Pearson at the prospect of Chinese industrial dominion if the wives and daughters of Englishmen are working, as uncomplainingly as Chinese would, under conditions almost as bad?

It must not be supposed that Miss Orme and her friends have attempted to paint a lurid picture. They have studiously avoided the sensational. Their pages teem with little facts and figures which are not to be digested in an hour. The Queen's Printer, too, has given them the smallest of type, and though fiction can, we know, be read in small type—for is there not a *Family Herald*?—fact is repulsive in brevity. And the ladies have adopted a plan of calling everyone, whether workmen or employers, with whom they came into contact, not by a name, but by an "index number," which is from the literary point of view repulsive. There was sufficient mystery about "Number one" to make him interesting. But as a rule no one should be called by a number except a policeman or a cabman. The Civil Service Commissioners, indeed, make every examinee adopt an examination number. But the Civil Service Commissioners are timid men, who carry on their work under difficulties, and fear that Mr. Smith, with the suspicion born of democracy, would think his son had not got fair play from an examiner who honeyed at the mere name of a lord, unless Smith and the duke alike were disguised under index numbers. Index numbers in a Royal Commission's report are unwelcome innovations, hardly to be excused on the plea that some of the witnesses would not speak out if their names were to be known. Can it be that even Miss Orme is so conscious of the weakness of her sex that she feared the Lady Commissioners would not be accurate enough to avoid the law of libel? We think better of them than they seem to do, and greatly regret that a report which is evidently the result of much careful and conscientious work should be made more difficult to read as well as more difficult to test by an absence of proper names. Those who distrust the picturesque will at least find nothing in this sombre and matter-of-fact account to excite their suspicions.

We shall not attempt to summarise the 350 pages of hard fact, but it is worth while noting a few salient particulars. In the first place, the pay and treatment of women vary far more than those of men. The want of organisation reduces women to such a condition that their wages are really fixed by competition among the workers without much relation to the value of their work. In many towns there is a vast surplus of female labour, due to curiously dissimilar causes. In seaport towns there are a large number of wives, widows, or deserted wives of seamen who have to find their own living. In Wales and Ireland the daughters of the farming classes swamp the town labour-market, though in the latter case the evil is to some extent corrected by the enormous emigration of domestic servants. In Lancashire and Yorkshire, on the other hand, women can almost always get work. There is little movement of female population to produce an equality of

conditions; and though Bristol is but a short way from Birmingham, the girls at the big cocoa factory at the latter place get about 3s. a week more than those at the similar factory at the former. The difference in wages would pay the railway fare of any girl who went from Bristol to Birmingham in two weeks, but the girls do not go. They have family ties and home associations which they cannot break as men can, and hence they remain *ascriptæ glebi*, and not free industrial agents, as some would have us believe they are. Women, too, are subject to foreign competition to a greater extent than men. The building trades, the coal trade, and even the iron trade, do not feel the severity of competition to the same degree as the textile trades, the button trades, and the trades which depend on fashion. The straw-plaiters of Bedfordshire have even been faced by Chinese competition, which has not hitherto affected other British workers. As a rule, in the contest between men and women, it has usually been the women who, coming in with a lower standard of living, have pulled down the wages of the men. But in the tailoring and mantlemaking trades the immigration of Polish Jews has actually pulled down the wages of women. Thus the foreigners in person as well as the foreigner's exports have borne hardly on the women of England. Their very love of home, too, which we are all so anxious to preserve, has caused them to be sweated. Wherever home-work prevails—in Bristol, in East London, or elsewhere—the wages, the hours, and the general conditions of labour are infinitely worse than they are in big factories. The social weaknesses of women also become evident in other ways. The greatest obstacle to organisation in the London dressmaking trade has been the class feeling between the bodice-makers and the skirt-makers. The bodice-makers are such very superior persons that they won't combine with women who can only make skirts. One of the few successful women's unions, that of the coat-makers at Liverpool, began with a healthy rivalry with the Jews. The Jews formed a union. The women, though they had seen many Englishmen's unions without their jealousy being excited, said that "what a foreigner could do a woman could," and formed a Union. But the Union has only been kept together "by tea-parties and picnics." The very docility of women prevents their getting on. In the printing trade they show no desire to do the higher work. Efforts to help them based on a forgetfulness of the peculiar conditions of women workers have often injured them. Thus London dressmakers used to "live in" until they came under the Factory Acts. The shorter hours made the employers less willing to keep them on the premises. Bed and board were no longer provided, yet additional wages were seldom given, and dressmakers are now worse off in every way—in skill, in health, in pay—than they used to be. On the other hand, many instances of woman's peculiar devotion are mentioned. Perhaps the most notable comes from Ireland. "Many of the shop assistants," say the Assistant-Commissioners, "especially in the south of Ireland, are the daughters of tenant-farmers, and send nearly all their money home. For this reason the practice of buying food in addition to what is supplied at the employer's table is far less common in Ireland than in England." One witness had for ten years sent nearly the whole of her £30 a year home to her parents. These women workers, if they are difficult to organise, are worth working for. And another fact, which is very prominently brought out, is that woman's labour is always most efficient where it is most highly paid. There is hardly a single class of women workers anywhere who obtain enough food for full efficiency, and, if employers of women would only see it, an increase of wages would soon tend to their own advantage. Where there is so much room for improvement without any real increase in the cost of labour, the force to compel the improvement must surely soon be supplied.

SOME FACTS OF INDIAN LIFE.

THE attempt to give literary form to a parliamentary report, or to lighten with familiar allusions and modern instances the ponderous dulness of a Blue Book, has not found favour hitherto with the Government draughtsmen of Whitehall or Westminster. Whether the results of open competition will be seen in the occasional display of style or "form" on the part of those who compile official records remains to be seen; and possibly the Controller of H.M. Stationery Office, in his zeal for economy, may think it incumbent to prune away all such "porosities," which might add to the cost of printing. The "competition wallah" is under no such restrictions. He has no reason to hide under piles of dull facts or duller figures the acquaintance with ancient and modern literature which gained him marks in his examination, and has rendered his often sequestered life more bearable. As for the extra expenditure involved by printing Greek or German quotations, or in pointing deductions by references to French plays or English novels, the "mild Hindoo" will not protest, and the receptive Baboo will feel flattered. By resorting to these methods Mr. J. A. Baines, who has conducted, under very peculiar conditions, the census of India, deserves as much credit for making the subject of his report readable as for carrying through so gigantic a task with such conspicuous ability.

At a cost of less than £200,000 he has been able to ascertain how upwards of 287 millions of people, for whose good government and behaviour we are responsible, live and contribute towards their own self-maintenance, how they are distributed, and why and where they migrate; how far they are affected by religions, caste, or racial differences; and finally, how far the conditions of health and social life are maintained. We can at the utmost glance at a few of Mr. Baines' facts and the theories which he bases on them; but we can at least promise those who care to read through the whole report that they will find in it abundant materials for reflection and many which will excite surprise.

One significant fact brought out by Mr. Baines will be doubtless seized upon by the opponents of a religious census in this country; for whilst nearly three-fourths of the population are returned under one religious denomination (the Brahmanic), this apparent uniformity is but a concession to conventionality, and, as Mr. Baines remarks, "the title covers creeds, as well as races, as fundamentally differing from each other as any in Europe." Possibly another point in common between this country and its greatest dependency is the importance of the agricultural population. In India two-thirds of the community directly, and three-fourths indirectly, owe their means of living to agriculture. Until Dr. Ogle's report is issued we shall not know accurately the relative proportion of the agricultural to the industrial population in the United Kingdom; but it will probably surprise many persons to know that with us agriculture is still the occupation of the largest section of the population. Another important point which must have some political significance is the density of the population in the British provinces as compared with the feudatory States; and since the latter comprise Mysore, Baroda, and Hyderabad, the mere question of fertility will not wholly explain the divergence. The British provinces extend over less than a million square miles, with a population exceeding 221 millions—whilst the feudatory States, with an area of nearly six hundred thousand square miles, have only 66 millions of inhabitants—in other words, the average population is 221 to the square mile on British territory as compared with a trifle over 100 to the square mile in the native-ruled States. In Bengal, where we established ourselves first, the province, which is barely one-third larger than the United Kingdom, contains a population which exceeds that of the United States. On the other hand, it should

be remarked that taking the mean density of the population as 184 per square mile for the whole of India, one-third of the area gives a higher proportion, as against two-thirds which fall below the average. The density of population is doubtless affected by the rainfall and other causes of agricultural fertility; but Mr. Baines shows pretty clearly, by means of carefully adjusted tables, that the rainfall is not the sole or even an absolutely necessary factor in the prosperity of certain districts. Taking, however, the mean rainfall of the entire country at forty-two inches each year, it appears that population certainly and prosperity presumably increase up to a certain point with a rainfall in excess of the mean; though at the same time the district in which there is the highest rainfall—the Himalayas—has the sparsest population.

Not the least striking feature of Indian life, especially to those who visit the country for the first time, is the comparatively small part played by town life—whether in the development of public opinion or as centres of political activity. Throughout the whole of India there are not, on the most liberal computation, more than thirty cities with a population exceeding 100,000; and here, again, we find a difference between the life of the people in British and feudatory States. In the former, the proportion of the urban to the rural population is below, in the latter above, the average, being less than 9½ per cent. in British territory, as compared with nearly 10½ per cent. in native States. Strictly speaking, Bombay, with over 820,000 inhabitants, is the largest city of India under one municipal body; but Calcutta, with its straggling suburban population, can show 960,000, although only about three-fourths of that number are within the municipality of the capital. Hyderabad, among the purely Indian cities under autonomous government, has the largest native population, and falls very little short of Madras in point of actual numbers, to which 450,000 are assigned, scattered over a very extended area. It is unnecessary here to go further into details respecting village communities, with which Mr. Baines deals at some length, but it should be said that twelve-thirteenths of the population of India live in villages containing less than 1,000 inhabitants, and that upwards of thirty-two millions are to be found in groups of less than 200 persons.

So many wild statements are frequently made about the increase of population in India that we are glad to have the authority of Mr. Baines' tables to put a stop to a widespread fallacy. Compared with other countries of the world, India stands twentieth in the list, with an annual increase of 0·03 per cent.—or less than 10 per cent. during the decennial period—as compared with 5·10 per annum for New South Wales, which heads, and 0·06 for France, which closes, the list of twenty-eight countries. This result is the more remarkable as it is altogether at variance with the natural suggestions of the marriage returns. Putting aside 94 per cent. of the unmarried females of India as below fifteen years of age, the ratio of married women in India between fifteen and forty is no less than 84 per cent., whereas in Europe, excluding Hungary, the ratio is not above 40 per cent. Further, it may be asserted that of women in India between fifteen and twenty-five years old 87 per cent. are married, whereas in Western Europe, in France, where the highest proportion is to be found, it does not exceed 22 per cent. In the next period, from twenty-five to forty years of age, the case is considerably altered, for the ratio of wives in India falls to 81 per cent., whilst in Europe it advances to nearly 70 per cent. The clue to the slow increase of population is the abnormally high death-rate of children in India. The birth-rate is far above that of any European country, Russia excepted, reaching to forty-eight per mille on the whole country; but the death-rate—even omitting famines and epidemics—cannot be reckoned at less than forty-one per mille. It may put the point clearer if we state that whilst in England 15·6 of the children

born die before completing their first year, in India 26 per cent. are lost. Small-pox and cholera, which are practically endemic in a sporadic or localised form, are the chief causes of the abnormal mortality of India. Famine, like war, "the great corrector of enormous times," has, during the ten years under review since the last census, been absent, and the two serious failures of crops which did occur were purely local. In connection with this subject—in so far as it bears reference to the increase of population—we are glad to find Mr. Baines declare that "throughout the greater portion of India the occupied land has probably not reached the limit of its productiveness." And he further holds upon the evidence he adduces that congestion of the population exists to a comparatively small extent, although there has been added since the previous census nearly 28 millions to the previous population—besides Cashmere, Upper Burma, Quettah, and North Lushai, which are now enumerated for the first time. With regard to the vexed question of whether the Indian population is on the whole richer or poorer than it was ten years ago, Mr. Baines is discreetly silent. He, however, gives for the consideration of those interested in this intricate problem the following figures. During the ten years 1881-91 India absorbed 44,051,255 rupees in gold and 101,086,766 rupees; whilst during the same period it disgorged 3,144,069 rupees in gold and 12,225,899 rupees in silver, the difference having been added to the hoards already accumulated in the country.

With the twenty-four "orders" into which the occupations of the people of India are divided, and still less with the hundred subdivisions of these orders, we have not space to deal. The arrangement followed is natural and logical, and embraces at least 90 per cent. of the whole population. Of these, as already stated, an overwhelming majority are connected more or less directly with agriculture. These include 150 millions of landholders and tenants—to whom 18 or 20 millions of day labourers and the like must be added. Domestic and personal services occupy 10 millions—of whom a quarter are indoor servants—whilst water-carrying for domestic purposes occupies 900,000 others. The preparation and sale of articles of food, drink, and condiments, including fishermen and milk-sellers, *les serviteurs de l'estomac*, occupy 14½ millions. The large group of persons engaged in the manufacture and sale of textile fabrics is the next most important class, numbering more than 12½ millions, of whom two-thirds are connected with the cotton industry, which is specially a village occupation. Mr. Baines has not been able to satisfy himself on the question whether importation of cotton goods and the establishment of cotton mills in the larger towns—especially in Bombay—has not developed the mill-hand at the expense of the home-worker. The manufacture of "woven air," and of the finer kinds of muslin, has doubtless suffered from foreign competition, and has failed to displace among the agricultural population a preference for strong and coarse but durable products of the English markets. Nevertheless, there is something still to be earned by the village weaver, and in Madras, at all events, he can hold his own. The woollen workers consist mainly of blanket weavers and wool spinners. The shawl weavers of Cashmere and the Punjab form an important section. Jute and hemp enter largely into the widespread industry of rope-making; whilst the silk industry comprises the silkworm rearers and cocoon collectors of Bengal and Burmah, and the workers in silk—a numerous and thriving community in the south-east of Madras. The providers of light, fuel, and forage—amongst whom are reckoned the oil pressers and the torch-makers—are reckoned at 3½ millions; but builders, who include masons, stone-cutters, etc., fall short of 1½ millions; whilst the "articles of supplementary requirement"—a phrase which we commend to ladies when going shopping—account for about a million.

More than half of these are occupied in making armlets, necklaces, etc. Next come the makers of tools and machinery; then those connected with the production of books and newspapers; then the paper-makers, the toymakers, the gunmakers, including firework manufacturers, and carvers and engravers in the order given. Passing over various groups of trades, we come to the professions, which find employment for more than 5½ millions—amongst whom priests, religious mendicants, reciters of prayers and poems, and the like, form three-fifths. Education gives employment to nearly half a million; literature, a very vague term, to 280,000; law, to 226,000; whilst medicine is practised by nearly half a million persons, of whom 350,000 are without diploma, the actual number of regular practitioners being set down at 16,494. On the other hand, nearly 200,000 are returned as astrologers, against 1,354 astronomers, botanists, and men of science; and in the 35,000 painters we are glad to find that house-painters and photographers are included. By a curious coincidence they are about equal in number to the "conjurers, buffoons, etc."; but they fall short by several thousands of the acrobats and tumblers.

Here we must break off, with regret at not being able to follow Mr. Baines into his survey of the religious and ethnographic distributions of the populations of India. Our object, however, has been attained if we have succeeded in drawing attention to a very valuable State paper the contents of which should be mastered by all who desire to see a little below the surface of Indian affairs. We in this country are responsible before the world for the proper administration of our great inheritance in the East, and in order to discharge our duty properly we should learn to understand the condition of the forces we have at our disposal.

AN OLYMPIAN PAGEANT.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD has lately complained that the statesmen who are at present responsible for the safety of the Empire suffer from a lack of imagination. The author of "Montezuma's Daughter" would like to see them covering the waters of the earth with formidable war-ships, and doubling the taxation to parade the panoply of naval armament in every harbour in the world. This method of cultivating the imagination has certain drawbacks which are not perceptible to a writer of romances, who wades through fictitious slaughter, and turns our shelves into catacombs. But the philosophic observer must take account of this restless fancy which disdains ways and means, and the proportion of means to ends. There are mute inglorious Rider Haggards who, having no faculty for the weaving of fate in three volumes, must find some legitimate outlet for a native extravagance of temperament, lest they be driven by sheer restlessness into conspiracy against the public weal. For them the pageant at Olympia is an incalculable boon. Here they may wander through the streets of Constantinople, gaze at Turkish ladies whose charms are not hidden by the *yashmak* (though sometimes more suggestive of Brompton than of Stamboul), and even behold the secluded luxury of the harem without any of the personal discomfort which is reported in story to have overtaken the rash Giaour who has had the temerity to invade the domestic sanctuary of the Turk. At Kensington you may watch the Sultana of the hour smoking a *chibouque* as if she liked it, and instead of the bow-string for your audacity, or the sack which carries you to the bottom of the Bosphorus, nothing jars upon the rapture of contemplation save the policeman's despairing cry, "Do pass along, gentlemen, please!" At this point Mr. Rider Haggard himself might be rapt into a frenzy, and murmur Byron's lines without any suspicion of their lurking bathos—

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"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?"

Do you not hear the bulbul's gurgling note? and is not that Gulnare signalling from the balcony? To be sure, if you examine her too critically, she has all the suppressed passion of a lay figure; but criticism is out of place, and you are here to give free rein to your unchastened imagination without doing any harm to the taxpayer.

Mr. Bolossy Kiralfy (what infinite possibilities of wizardry seethe in that name!) is not content with this image of Constantinople as a tribute to Mr. Rider Haggard's ideal. For a good three hours the immense stage at Olympia glows with a pageant which must make many a citizen, whose appetite for splendour is unsatisfied by our civic show on November 9th, yearn to see Mr. Kiralfy elected Lord Mayor. Again the spectacular fancy takes Byronic wing, for "Harold, Duke of Orleigh," is our old friend Childe Harold on the grand tour, witnessing the pastimes of many nations, and interfering ever and anon with affairs that do not concern him. The impetuous Englishman appears in every scene on horseback at full gallop; and to dismount just in the nick of time to frustrate villainy and make lovers happy is the work of the proverbial instant. You are a little nervous all the while, expecting every moment to hear a splash in the Golden Horn, which flows betwixt you and the Kiralfian spectacle, and to learn that some distracted theatrical manager has tried to make away with himself in sheer despair at these marvels. For no stage of a mere theatre would permit Childe Harold to perform these feats of horsemanship, or the merry English villagers to dance round several maypoles, or a ballet of nearly two hundred ladies in a single line to send a thrill through thousands of bosoms by a simultaneous gesture of unspeakable grace with a multitude of fairy ankles. What are the mimic trippings of Drury Lane to this salutation from a perfect regiment of delightful form and colour? And when Childe Harold rescues a princess from brigands, and restores her to an Eastern potentate, who never moves without a cavalcade of dromedaries and a tremendous retinue of ladies, clad in costumes of bewildering radiance, you feel that these are the realities of life, and that the prosaic details of the Hammersmith Road, which will greet you presently, are its miserable figments. This conviction is not shaken by the humility of Mr. Bolossy Kiralfy, who, while admitting that he has not aimed at "historical accuracy," hopes that he has "avoided anything like glaring anachronism, and even that with the abundant amusement he has provided there will be found a modicum of instruction." The only anachronism is that London, as we know it, should venture to adjoin the Constantinople of Mr. Kiralfy; and the true instruction is that the imagination which Mr. Rider Haggard would like to let loose in the spending departments of the public service may be much more rationally occupied with the spectacle at Olympia.

In this respect popular taste in England has hitherto had but an imperfect education. The Englishman is apt to be supercilious about the childlike love of display in other nations, and to give himself the air of having that within which passeth show. Secretly, he has no inconsiderable capacity for the diversion which comes naturally and unaffectedly to the Southern temperament, though unfavourable conditions, chiefly of climate, have obscured and stunted his sense of colour. Subtle perception of "values" in painting he may seldom have; but his eye can be trained to appreciate the blending of tints in great masses, and some of the carnival gaiety which has free and spontaneous expression under Southern skies may be infused into his Northern islander blood. There was a time in the history of London when the pageant was part of civic duty, and when even the Lord Mayor's Show

had a richness which is almost inconceivable in the present shrunken state of that degenerate ceremonial. Possibly the County Council would hesitate to spend the ratepayers' money on the mere ornament of a popular holiday; but who knows that in time the enterprise of Mr. Kiralfy may not stimulate a public demand for at least some official semblance of a picturesque rejoicing which shall be a wholesome exercise of the imaginative faculty?

THE DRAMA.

"THE HEADLESS MAN"—"SIX PERSONS"—SOME CHRISTMAS SHOWS.

IN advertising *The Headless Man* "for a limited number of nights" it is to be hoped that Mr. Wyndham has underrated the popularity of one of the most exhilarating pieces in the Criterion repertory. Why this comedy failed to gain the favour of the town on its production a few years ago I have never been able to understand. In all his long career as a theatrical humorist Mr. Burnand, to my mind, has done nothing better. The word "mind," even in its conventional sense, is not usually appropriate when Mr. Burnand's stage-work is in question; but here I wish to use it in its fullest significance. Why? Because *The Headless Man*, in its own light-hearted way, does make an intellectual appeal; it is a real study, not, to be sure, of human character—for this is not a comedy of character—but of an odd mental twist, of what in the seventeenth century was called a "humour," a superstructure of sheer fantasy founded upon genuine observation; and so you can enjoy your laughter without having to swallow an insult to your intelligence. The objection raised against the play—that its story is hopelessly confused—strikes me as singularly unfortunate, for that is of the very essence of the author's scheme, which is to show us how a certain mental twist results in hopeless confusion. On the stage, of course, hopeless confusion, as a rule, means farce, but here it means comedy; and how it comes to mean the one and not the other is, I think, a question worth a little examination. Primarily, Mr. Burnand's "headless" man is a man without a memory. Now, the man whose mind is an absolute blank, who cannot even remember his own identity, has had, in his day, several dramatic uses. He was often to be heard of in the old romantic melodrama; he had been witness of a crime, and the shock had destroyed his memory, which returned, in the last act, when some tune of his childhood was played or sung by the heroine or the village idiot. His situation, of course, might even lend itself to the purposes of tragedy—as we saw in *A Question of Memory* at the Independent Theatre the other day. Again, he has done good service in farce, from Mr. Pinero's *In Chancery* to a recent production (I have forgotten its title, for critics, in their turn, are sometimes "headless" men) by Mr. Mark Melford at the Vaudeville. But absence of memory is merely a negative thing; he who suffers from it must be the sport of circumstances, not their contriver (and to show force as the sport of circumstances is of the essence of tragedy, as it is of the essence of farce); for comedy, where your character must, as M. Brunetière would say, be *agissant* instead of merely *agi*, you want something more than that. The something more Mr. Burnand supplies by making his "headless" man not merely the victim of loss of memory, but of an elaborate system of mnemonics. He is a solicitor, who carefully docketts and pigeon-holes his clients' correspondence under their initials. Thus, when two clients have the same initials, each ultimately receives confidential documents intended for the other. But that, you say, is sheer farce. Quite so; but wait a bit. The solicitor initials two bags, his own and his wife's, M. B. (my bag) and W. B. (wife's bag), and when the lady asks for "my bag" she gets M. B.—which contains love-letters not intended to meet

her eye. Why, that again, you say, is farce. Yes, once more; and, if the play was nothing more than a series of complications such as these, farce, and only farce, would it be. But it is very much more; for the central humour of it consists not at all in these complications, but in the picture of the mind which gives rise to them. While complication follows complication, there stands the author of them all serenely smiling in the consciousness of being a man of system. What matters it to him that his clients' correspondence gets mixed? He has duly pigeon-holed that correspondence; he has carried out his great maxim of a place for everything and everything in its place; if their initials are the same, why, so much the worse for them. He carefully notes down his client's instructions ("Lend me a pencil," is the first thing he says to everyone who speaks to him); what matters it that his notes get lost? That is only because some little detail of his system has been overlooked; he had not made a note of the place where his notes are to be found. Pleased with his own ingenuity in that little device of M. B. and W. B., he calmly ignores the fact that it only makes confusion worse confounded. In short, he loses all sight of the end in his interest in the means; and, so long as he has carefully followed out a mechanical plan for recollecting a thing, he regards the ultimate success or failure of his plan as a matter of no moment. Even the nature of the thing recollected, notwithstanding that it is of the most serious import to himself, is as nothing to him compared with the all-absorbing business of recollecting it. Take a signal instance of this. He has seen a stranger getting into a cab with his wife. Apparently the pair are eloping. A photograph is then shown him. "Where have I seen that face?" He consults his notes, he borrows innumerable pencils, he runs through his pigeon-holes, he pulls out all the stops, so to speak, in his famous mnemonic system. At last he remembers. "Why, that's the man," he triumphantly shouts at last, "who ran away with my wife." Yes, triumphantly; for he has now recollected something, his system is vindicated, and his delight in the mental process obliterates all thought of what it reveals. Now this (with due allowance made, of course, for the exaggeration of the stage) shows genuine observation of life; and it ought to be now clear why the piece is comedy rather than farce. Needless to say that the play gains enormously by the clever acting of Mr. Wyndham, who has here a part exactly suited to him and plays it in a style of finished yet natural drollery which, I am sure, no other comedian, French or English, could show; nor does the play lose anything by the fact that round Mr. Wyndham gyrate a crowd of pretty, vivacious, and smartly dressed ladies. To sum up, here is a true Criterion piece, the very thing for the playgoer who (to Mr. William Archer's annoyance, apparently) likes to take a play as he takes a *chasse* to his coffee; and as there are many such playgoers in an age when coffee is generally followed by a *chasse*, I do not see why the announcement "for a limited number of nights" should not be falsified by the event.

Mr. Zangwill, generally associated (despite, I believe, his own protests) with that absurd catchphrase the "New Humour," has written a little fore-piece for the Haymarket, which would have disappointed no one if he had not unduly raised expectation by paradoxically naming it *Six Persons: A Duologue*, and dragging in an explanatory quotation from Dr. Wendell Holmes, "Until a man can be found who knows himself as others know him, or who sees himself as others see him, there must be at least six persons engaged in every dialogue between two." It needed no Wendell Holmes to tell us that every man has several Egos (six hundred or sixty would be quite as near the mark as six), and a play or story (e.g., "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde") sharply defining them is well worth writing. No doubt Mr. Zangwill could write such a play if he chose. But here he has not

chosen, and his promise of whimsical psychology in the programme is a mere mystification. His Eugenia and Charles plight their troth at a ball, repent next morning, plot to break it off, and ultimately make up their minds to stick to their bargain—that is all. Indeed, the only difference between this and the average duologue is that it happens to be written by a man of a more fresh and alert mind than the hack playwright's, and to be presented by Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Frederick Kerr, players of artistic rank seldom (owing to the short-sighted contempt of most managers for the early playgoer) associated with work of this class. One word in Mr. Zangwill's ear. If he continues—as we must all hope he will—to turn his attention to the stage, he will do well to guard against his foible (a besetting sin of his school) for mere *conceits*. As, for instance, Eugenia's description of her flirtation with Charles, "with my head on his shoulder (instead of on my own);" and her declaration, "I shall never have the face to do it; let me go upstairs" (understand a reference to the powder-puff) "and get the face to do it." This sort of thing will not "carry" over the footlights.

Of the special entertainments for Christmastide, quite the prettiest I have seen is *The Piper of Hamelin*, now being played every afternoon at the Comedy Theatre. Mr. Robert Buchanan's version of the old folk-tale is a simple, straightforward, altogether pleasant bit of work; it has (very properly, inasmuch as it is designed for children) been provided with a "happy ending"; and Mr. Comyns Carr's chromatic combinations in the dresses (blue upon green, purple upon scarlet, and other daring novelties) are in themselves a liberal education for the eye. The pity is that the ear has been so badly served. Never, surely, was daintier, more poetic story wedded to more vulgarly prosaic music. Little Gladys Dorée, a mere babe, is the great feature of the cast: Sarah Siddons herself could not have played with more solemn "conviction"; it is earnestly to be hoped that she will escape the usual fate of infant prodigies. I see I have no space left to talk of the Drury Lane Pantomime. *Allons! tant mieux!* as M. Pailleron's general says of something else. But it is not bad, as Drury Lane pantomimes go nowadays. There is a quaint ballet of fishes; in another ballet an exquisitely graceful *pas seul* is danced by Mlle. Zucchi, whose Amazon costume might have been brought straight from some of the Ballets at Versailles graced by the presence of the Roi Soleil; and the procession of English sovereigns, from William the Conqueror to Victoria, will give the youngsters, let us hope, a new interest in their history-books when they return to Dr. Blimber's Academy. Meanwhile the youngsters' parents can improve their own minds by studying the *faits et gestes* of Miss Marie Lloyd and Miss Ada Blanche, Mr. Dan Leno, Little Tich, and Mr. Herbert Campbell.

A. B. W.

THE GERMAN FISCAL SYSTEM.

THE present moment is very suitable for examining the results of the fiscal system introduced by Prince Bismarck in 1879, for the income of the Empire is mainly founded upon indirect taxation, and only the eventual deficit is to be covered by matricular contributions of the single states.

From a mere fiscal point of view the success of the tariff of 1879 is undeniable, for the income from customs has risen from 536.5 million marks in 1879 to 1217.2 million marks in 1892-3, that is by 354 per cent.; and it must be admitted that such a sum could not have been raised by matricular contributions. But the great drawback of this result is that while before 1879 only articles were taxed which did not belong to the primary necessities of life, now the principal income is derived from the duties laid upon the latter—corn, flour, cattle and meat, timber,

petroleum, which furnish 40 per cent. of the general income. In 1878 coffee yielded 31·20 per cent. of the customs revenue; tobacco, 17·06 per cent.; wine, 3·06 per cent.: now it is corn which furnishes 29·98 per cent.; coffee, 11·97 per cent.; tobacco, 10·84 per cent.; wine, 4·36 per cent.; yet the duties upon these latter articles were raised considerably in 1879, so that the revenue from coffee has risen from 34 to 45 millions, that from tobacco from 19 to 40 millions, but the produce from the corn duty alone was 101 millions in 1889—as much as the whole customs of Austria-Hungary yield. Now it is evident that such a duty must raise also the price of home-grown corn, so that the general taxation of this article of primary necessity borne by the people is by far larger than the customs revenue derived from it. The prevailing tendency of such duties is to raise the average price by the amount of the duty. Statistics show that the price of wheat, compared to that in duty-free countries, with a duty of 10 marks on the double hundredweight, rose by 7 marks, with the increased duty of 30 marks by 20 marks, and with that of 50 by 40 marks. This enhanced price of corn was intended for the benefit of distressed agriculture; but it is evident that the small owners, who have no corn to sell, derive no advantage from this rise of prices, and with the middling proprietors the profit is compensated by the increased price they have to pay for agricultural machines, tools, clothing, etc., for the price of the consent of manufacturers to the corn-duty was the increased duty on manufactured articles, principally iron and textiles. So the main profit of taxing corn and timber (which before 1879 were entirely free) has fallen to the large proprietors. Yet, considered from a higher point of view, it is very doubtful whether this advantage is real. The artificially raised price of corn which they enjoyed has kept up the price of land and prevented its adaptation to its real value, and it has kept up farm rent at an unnatural height; it has prevented the owners from introducing improvements and passing to more productive crops. Besides, most of these large estates are heavily mortgaged, owing to the prevailing vicious system of hereditary succession in land, according to which the eldest son inherits the property, but is bound to pay a fixed annuity to the younger ones and sisters, which is generally raised by mortgaging the estate. The proprietors of the east also complain of the want of hands, but this is owing to the inability of agricultural labourers to become proprietors; they therefore largely emigrate either to the towns, where they get better wages, or to foreign countries, and the Government has been compelled to allow the temporary influx of Polish labourers, who work on lower terms. Besides, the fact of deriving the larger part of the customs revenue from duties upon corn has even the financial disadvantage that this income must be very fluctuating, according to the result of the home harvest. The present one has been very good, therefore less corn is imported, and this, together with the lowering of the corn duty by the commercial treaties of last year from 50 to 35 marks, will cause a heavy diminution of the customs revenue. The corn duties have also heavily damaged the once flourishing trade of the eastern ports, which exported German rye aptly mixed with Russian produce, and this disadvantage was still increased by the Russian prohibition of exporting grain. They have also diminished the income from the railway transit. It is said that industrial wages have risen; but, first, this is not proven. On the contrary, the artificial profits secured to manufacturers by high protective duties have increased the home competition, while the taxing of bread, meat, iron, and half-manufactured articles have rendered more difficult the competition in foreign parts, and this is the case even with such countries as have not followed the impulse given by Germany of raising their tariffs to a prohibitive height, as France, Russia, and the United States have done; for England, Belgium, and Holland have at

least the advantage of cheap bread, whilst the German workman, even if his wages have risen, is a loser, because their purchasing power is diminished by the enhanced price of living. The general result of this fiscal policy is, therefore, an undeniable stagnation in trade and industry, which cannot be counteracted by the rings, called in Germany "cartels," designed to limit production so as to profit by the totality of the protective duty and export to foreign countries at lower prices than they charge upon the home consumption. I therefore can only come to the conclusion that, if the German tariff of 1879 has been nominally profitable to the Imperial exchequer, it is, economically considered, a decided failure. It is a new proof of the truth that protective duties result in plundering the masses for the benefit of the few. But now the Government is obliged, with the general depression of trade, to impose new and heavy sacrifices on the people for meeting the cost of the military scheme passed last summer, estimated at 65 millions annually, besides the interest of a large loan for new barracks, rifles, guns, etc. The raising of the beer tax has been abandoned, and it is now tobacco which is to pay. The idea of introducing the English system of prohibiting the home culture has been recognised as impossible; but the mere raising of the duty and of the tax on inland produce would only yield a small sum: a considerably increased revenue can only be derived by taxing the manufactured article, as it is the practice in Russia and the United States. This the Government now proposes as "Fabricatsteuer," and the plan of the law, as it is now published, seems to be fairly rational, for the taxation of tobacco in Germany was hitherto very low compared to that of other countries. It is very likely that the Bill will pass, and also that for raising the stamp duties on Stock Exchange transactions. But the wine tax appears to be doomed. It is proposed to tax all wine costing above fifty marks a hectolitre, and this limit is too low, as in the west the commonest labourer drinks light wine. If a higher price is assumed the tax will bring too little in comparison with its vexatious character. This loophole must be filled, and it would be most conveniently done by the succession duty, which at present brings next to nothing, as descendants and ascendants are exempted from it. The great question is now, whether the commercial treaties with Roumania, Servia, and Spain, will be accepted by the Reichstag. The agrarian party has set up a violent agitation against them, as a preliminary of its opposition against the Russian treaty. This movement is very foolish, as the reduced tariff on corn has already been granted to Austria, Hungary, the United States, the Argentine Republic, etc. It is, as the Russian Finance Minister Witte said, to open eleven holes in a vessel and to shut up the twelfth; the corn would simply come from other parts. Count Caprivi has, however, taken up a very decided stand for the treaties, and it is hoped that they will pass.

There is another financial question the importance of which is now generally felt—that of the failing revenue of the Prussian State railways. Prince Bismarck, it will be recollected, intended to buy up all German railways. With him it was a question of increased power, together with the power to fix the tariffs in the interest of the great proprietors and manufacturers. That project failed in consequence of the decided opposition of Bavaria, Württemberg, Saxony, and Baden. Then he bought up nearly all Prussian railways, and in the first years the financial result was brilliant, the railways yielding 6·27 per cent. on the purchase price. But it was owing to the States having bought the railways comparatively cheaply in a period of depression, to the reduction of the interest of the bonds from 4 to 3½ per cent., to narrow economy in renewing the rolling stock, and to a flourishing state of trade. Moreover, the large profits were not applied to diminish the debt incurred by the purchase of the railways, but to general State purposes. Now, with the depression of trade increased by a falling-off of travelling

in consequence of the cholera, the income of the railways, which in 1891 was 360 million marks, is greatly diminishing. It went down from 1889-90 to 1890-92 to 5.27 per cent., and the decline will be more considerable still in the current year. The Finance Minister presses his railway colleague to postpone expenditure needed from the administrative point of view, and the claims for lowering the tariff for travellers and some important articles are refused. This is a most unpalatable consequence of the system which, in years of abundance, has based permanent expenses upon a fluctuating revenue, and as such forms part of the fiscal inheritance of Prince Bismarck, who always had only in view the advantage of the moment.

H. GEFFCKEN.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

THE door of the farmhouse kitchen stood hospitably open; from within was heard the cheerful clatter of pots as the farmer's wife cleared the breakfast-table; and out of the dairy came a boy's lively whistle, with the monotonous throbbing accompaniment of the churn. A pallid streak of winter sunshine falling through the green, diamond-paned window stained the stone floor, and touched with light the woman's blue linen apron, as she moved to and fro.

An old woman, clad in rusty black, and with a Paisley shawl pinned round her shoulders, came up the cobble-stone path and knocked timidly at the door.

"Come in, Mrs. Wilmer," cried the farmer's wife hospitably. "What brings you out so early? And dressed for a journey, too!"

"Well, there wasn't any need perhaps to get ready so soon," said the old woman, pulling nervously at an old black kid glove which she had partly drawn on. "I'm not going till the afternoon, but I *am* going a journey, ma'am."

"Laws save us!" remarked the farmer's wife, pausing in her surprise with a pile of plates balanced against her hip.

"Yes, Mrs. Ingleton, I'm going to London on a trip, and what I've come for is to ask if you'd mind taking Lydia for me while I'm away; it's only a matter of three days."

"Of course I'll take her, and gladly," said Mrs. Ingleton. "Our Georgie will be fair crazy, he'll be that pleased; he always says Lydia is the old-fashionedest little thing that ever was."

"She's a good little girl," said Mrs. Wilmer with a tremulous voice. "It will fair break my heart if I have to part with her."

"Why, Mrs. Wilmer, you never say you're going to do that?" cried the other.

"Well, ma'am, what's right's right; and I can't see but what I may have to. The young doctor's been at me again about Lydia's misfortune, and he says that operation must be done now; that she's gone much too long as it is; and what I'm going up to London for is to arrange about that. The doctor says she must go to a hospital; it will cost fully six pounds, he says, and there's no way to get it done except for Tom's folk to do it."

"But you'll have Lydia back in two months' time; you are not fretting for that," said Mrs. Ingleton.

"Well, you see, ma'am, it's this way with Tom's people," said Mrs. Wilmer. "They wanted to take Lydia when Tom died, and they thought my daughter's daughter fair silly that she would not let them have her. Then, when *she* was taken, they came for Lydia again, and some hard words passed between us that I wouldn't part with her. I couldn't do it, Mrs. Ingleton, for my daughter's daughter with her dying breath made me promise not to, if it was ever so; I don't know what it was made her so set against Tom's brother, but she said she couldn't rest in her grave if Lydia went to him; so let alone that it would have broke my heart to

part with her, I couldn't do it after that. Many's the time I've wondered since if we did right; it isn't that Lydia has to go short and that—she's a healthy child in herself, and it doesn't hurt her—but I've thought that if she'd gone to London as a baby there'd have been some clever doctor to tell them what to do about her mouth, and she wouldn't have been a poor little dumb thing all these years. And then she'd have had better schooling than she can ever have here; and they tell me London's a grand place for getting on. But, ma'am, as I was saying, right's right, and if Tom's folks find the money I'm not saying but that they must keep Lydia if they've a mind to."

"It will be a cruel shame if they do," declared Mrs. Ingleton indignantly.

"I don't wonder at them wanting her," said the old woman sadly. "They've no children of their own, and they can't be so very young themselves. You see Tom was seven year older than Mary, and his brother was ten year older than him, so he must be going on for fifty now."

"Well, we don't know all," said Mrs. Ingleton consolingly. "Maybe they've changed their minds by now; isn't it going on for four years since they've seen Lydia?"

"Four year come April," replied Mrs. Wilmer. "Well, ma'am, I'll not keep you any longer, you're wanting to get to your butter. I'll bring Lydia in after dinner, and I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you."

"Don't name it, Lydia's always welcome, poor little thing—Georgie 'll be that pleased. Why, he always says she'd be too clever for this world if she had her speech like other folk. When is your train, Mrs. Wilmer?"

"Eight o'clock to-night, and gets in at ten in the morning, ma'am. I don't like that long walk in the dark, so I shall go early and get a bit and a sup in Fazerley. The train back is on Thursday night, and I'll come for Lydia Friday morning."

"Why, Mrs. Wilmer, you can never walk all that way with such a journey before you. Georgie 'll take you over in the cart; he'll enjoy the outing, and Lydia and all. Hut tut!" as the old woman raised her voice in protest. "There, it's settled—Georgie, do you hear? You've got to take Mrs. Wilmer and Lydia to Fazerley at half-past six, and you may just as well take the butter to-night as to-morrow. Now, I *shall* be busy if I'm to be ready in time, so I'll say 'good morning,' Mrs. Wilmer," and the good-natured woman hustled her out of the door without listening to a word of remonstrance.

Two evenings later the family were cosily seated round the fire, Farmer Ingleton in the corner of the settle, with a long clay pipe and a newspaper, out of which he read extracts from time to time, and his wife with a big basket of mending beside her. Lydia was fast asleep upstairs, and Georgie was fitting a pair of "dowels" into her boots for her first lesson in skating. The bark of a watch-dog broke the stillness outside, a slow, dragging footstep was heard on the cobble stones, and directly after a feeble hand tried the door-latch.

"Laws save us!" cried Mrs. Ingleton, dropping her work. "Whatever can that be? It fair made me creep."

Georgie ran to open the door, and there tottered, rather than walked into the room, a bent and haggard old woman, who sank down on to the nearest chair. There was a moment of astonished silence, for no one at first recognised Mrs. Wilmer.

"Laws save us!" said Mrs. Ingleton again, running to her. "Fetch a drop of brandy, master; she's like to faint."

"The child!" whispered the old woman hoarsely; "I've come for the child!"

"Lord love you! the child's abed and asleep," said the farmer's wife kindly. "Here, drink a drop of this, and come to the fire; you must be starved."

Gradually Mrs. Wilmer revived somewhat and allowed herself to be drawn towards the fire and

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put in a comfortable chair. She answered inquiries about her journey, however, in an absent and rambling way. The first thing that really roused her was Mrs. Ingleton's question:

"Well, Mrs. Wilmer, what about Lydia? Are they going to let you keep her?"

"Keep her?" said the old woman, fiercely, "My little girl, my Mary's bairn. . . Oh! yes, I may keep her, and keep her *dumb*. They've a grand shop, and a grand house outside the town; I was at them both. They're fat with money, ma'am; if you could see the stomach of the man! and they can't spare six pound to give speech to their own flesh and blood. They've adopted a child, and they don't want Lydia—I was thankful when I saw the little peaked, marred thing that they hadn't got her. They said we had our chance, and we could bide by that. . . There was bow windows, ma'am, and a greenhouse at the side. . . I took neither bit nor sup in the house; I said what was in my mind to say, with the servant listening and all, and I came away.

"It took me a long time to find the station; there's a many very big stations in London, and, when I got there, they said I couldn't go for two days, till the time the ticket said; but I kept asking and asking, first one and then another, and at last a gentleman with brass buttons on his coat seemed to listen a bit kind like, and he says, 'What brings you up here, ma'am, if you want to get away in such a hurry?' So I fair broke down, and told him about Lydia and her uncle and all. You know, Mrs. Ingleton, I'd very little over the twelve shillings for the fare, and I shouldn't have had that only I've had some extra work from the Hall lately, and Mrs. Foard gave me something over what I asked, for mending her lace shawl—and it being Christmas-time and all. I offered the gentleman two shillings and sixpence if he'd let me come straight home, for that was all I had. He smiled a bit, and said nothing, but took me to a kind of office where there was a gentleman sitting at a table. There was some talking, and then they gave me a paper with some writing on it, and said I could come home by the first train in the morning, and they wouldn't take the extra money nor nothing. They let me stop in the waiting-room all night, and in the morning they brought me some breakfast, and told me which was the train. I got to Fazerley at five o'clock, and it's taken me all this time to get home. Is that Lydia I hear, ma'am? she's a very light sleeper."

There was a patter of feet on the stairs, and Georgie opened the door, to find the little girl standing on the bottom step, in her nightgown, and trying to reach the door-latch. He caught her up in his arms, and carrying her across the stone floor, set her in Mrs. Wilmer's lap. The old woman clasped her close, and bent over her to hide the tears that were running down her withered cheeks.

"My bairn, my poor dumb bairnie," she murmured brokenly.

Georgie was whispering to his mother very earnestly.

"Why, lad, I'm sure . . . well, there, ask your father."

The boy crossed to him and whispered again rapidly. The farmer listened with an occasional nod of comprehension. When the boy had done, and stood waiting eagerly for his answer, he deliberately laid down his pipe, and, diving to the bottom of his breeches-pocket, brought to light a leathern purse, from which he extracted six sovereigns.

"There, lad," he said, putting the money into Georgie's hand, "you've earned it and saved it yourself; it's your own, to do as you like with, and I don't think you could put it to a better use."

Georgie threw himself on his knees beside the old woman and took the child's hand, and shut the little fingers carefully over the six gold pieces.

"There, Lydia," he said, "that's for a New Year's present."

J. T. KINGSLEY TARPEY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NAVAL DEBATE.

SIR,—The comments on the naval debate of last week show that the necessary abridgment of the reports in the newspapers has given rise to some doubts which fuller reporting might have removed. As regards myself I have little or nothing to complain of. The only point that occurs to me as worthy of note in this connection is that I was supposed by some of the newspapers to have said that the French Mediterranean fleets at the present moment are too strong for our fleets in the Mediterranean and the Channel. This is not what I said, but that the French Mediterranean fleets are too strong as matters stand for us to be able to hold the Mediterranean against them at a moment's notice with our Mediterranean fleets *plus* that Channel squadron which may be looked upon as a portion of our Mediterranean fleet serving at or outside the Straits of Gibraltar. As far as I could calculate, the French have, in the Mediterranean, of serviceable ironclads, in commission or ready for commission in a reserve so nominal that, the crews being on board and the ships frequently at sea for some hours at a time, they can sail at a day's notice, 17 to our 14 in the Mediterranean fleet and Channel squadron. Our 14 are the heavier ships, but, on the other hand, we should fight at a disadvantage if we fought in a sea where the French have a perfect establishment of docks, and we have none except at Malta. The large number of cripples which will be unable to hold the seas without repair in dock after any naval engagement of the future makes the question of a dockyard near the entrance to the Mediterranean one of first-class importance. In a war in which we might have Italy for an ally Malta would play a great part, but in a single-handed war we should find it of little value, and should even be hampered by its existence, inasmuch as, after we had evacuated the Mediterranean—which we might very probably be compelled to do—we should be drawn back into it, at a moment not selected by ourselves, by having to fit out an expedition for the relief of Malta. 17 to 14 was my calculation, and I find since I spoke that the Foreign Intelligence Department now place the French disposable ironclads in the Mediterranean at 18 as against our 14 in the Mediterranean fleet and Channel squadron. Although the British ships are somewhat the heavier, the French are supported by an infinitely larger number of torpedo craft.

It has been assumed that what was said by myself with regard to the matter being "hateful" to Liberals applied to naval expenditure in particular; and I have been asked why this should be asserted to be the case. But what I said was not that the naval branch of the question was hateful, but that the whole subject of war expenditure was so looked at. On the other hand, it was pointed out that the matter was properly to be viewed as one not of offence but of defence, and that the relative importance to be given to the military and to the naval branches of our fabulously great defence expenditure was one deserving of the consideration even of followers of Cobden and of the Manchester school.

Some have asked what is the meaning of a supposed assertion that the British Navy requires a predominance of 5 to 3 in order to hold the seas, or, as it has been put, is "afraid to fight unless it be 5 to 3." That is, of course, not what has been asserted, but only that for blockades the experts declare that 5 to 3 in battle-ships and 2 to 1 in cruisers are the proportions needed, and that there is no naval support to be adduced for the opinion that the policy of masking at a distance requires a lesser force.

It has been stated by one journal of Conservative views and of high authority that if outmanœuvred and if overmatched, our Navy might still "make a good fight of it." No doubt, as against invasion. But our supremacy in India, our hold of the coaling stations, and of many other portions of the Empire (such as the Channel Islands) would be seriously menaced, and our trade driven from the seas in the event contemplated. Our enemies, inspired by partial success, would necessarily act upon the well-known principles of war, and would attack us until the mastery of the seas had declared itself upon the one side or upon the other. We must assume that the principles of Clausewitz, applied with success by the leaders of the German armies, would be those which would animate our enemies at sea:—To strike blow after blow against our organised forces until they were destroyed, to avoid scattering themselves in detachments, to strain every effort to the complete suppression of our Navy as an effective force, and, for this purpose, from the very beginning of the war, to seek victory in the unforeseen nature of their combinations and in the rapidity of their movements.

It can never be sufficiently borne in view that much of our fighting at sea will have to be carried on at a great distance from our base; that virtually the whole of it will have to be carried on with the naval forces which we possess on the day of